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THE TELL-TALE HEART
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY WARBURTON - SEE PAGE 39

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F E A T U R E S

- 5 OPINION**
DIG US NO GRAVE
RAMSEY CAMPBELL throws Fear Fiction onto the slab
- 10 IN MEMORIAM**
THE FAMILY MAN
There's no ghoul like an old ghoul!
CHARLES ADDAMS, native New Yorker and Master of the Macabre, remembered affectionately by Les Coleman
- 16 MUSIC**
KURIOUSER & CURIOUSER
The Fall guy, MARK E. SMITH, reveals his supernatural tastes to Marc 'Mr Bones' Baines
- 36 FASHION**
HELL FOR LEATHER!
Gothic Jackets by WHITAKER-MALEM, illustrated by DUNCAN FEGREDO
- 39 PHOTOGRAPHY**
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY
The magic lantern visions of HOLLY WARBURTON
- 44 GHOST STORY**
THE ASH-TREE
M.R. JAMES' tale of witchcraft and vengeance, illuminated by SAVAGE PENCIL & EDWARD PINSENT

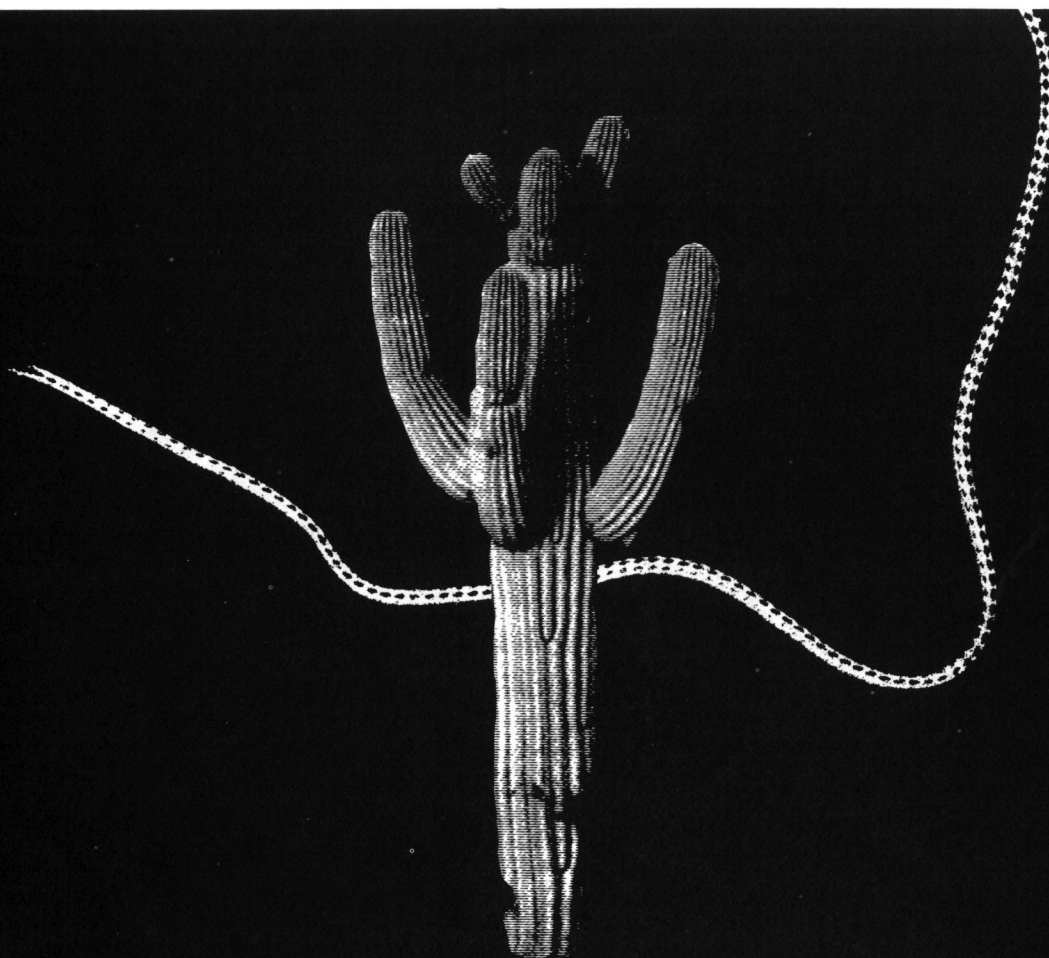
S T R I P S

- 7 A BADGER'S NIGHTMARE**
A step into the dark by TIM BUDDEN
- 12 NIGHT CALL**
STEVE DITKO lost in the rolling fog
- 19 DR SPITZNER'S WAX MUSEUM**
Read the dreadful inscriptions of FRANÇOIS RIVIERE & ANDREAS
- 31 PHANTASM INCORPORATED**
PHIL LASKEY and the Sunday Sorcerer
- 41 THE MIRROR**
The borrowed memory of ANDREW GLEW & PAUL GRIST
- 51 MR MAMOULIAN**
The tortured mind of BRIAN BOLLAND
- 58 IN THE DEPTHS OF DARKEST SPACE**
The blood-curdling roar of STEVEN APPLEBY that wakes the baby
- 65 CALVIN & HOBBS**
BILL WATTERSON's scaary story. GAKK!!

D E P A R T M E N T S

- 27 ARTICLES**
Ghastly things compiled by LOUISE TUCKER
- 40 SKP**
Contributors exhumed
- 53 REVIEWS**
LISA TUTTLE on Taboo; SAVAGE PENCIL on Fly In My Eye; DAVE THORPE on Stray Toasters; SPENCER WOODCOCK on Brought To Light: Anne Dothers
- 53 CRITICAL LIST**
Compact Guide to new releases
- 62 EXCHANGE**
- 64 X-DIRECTORY**
Subscriptions advice and the HIP PARADE Entry Form!
- 66 HIP PARADE**
THE SKP READER'S BALLOT COMPETITION:
Send us your personal choice of the coolest comics and YOU - No, not him - YOU could win one of this issue's Star Prizes!

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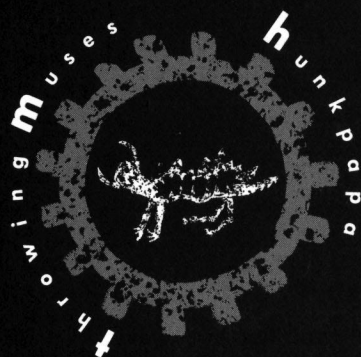
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DIG US NO GRAVE

Horror stories have spoken the unspeakable, every taboo lies broken, what effect will this have on its counterpart the Supernatural tale? Does it mean that ghost story writing is now a dying art? Ramsey Campbell attempts to glimpse the eternal



THE TALE OF SUPERNATURAL TERROR often deals with the cyclical nature of things: the ghost that always returns, the events that are repeated from generation to generation, the personalities that are reborn. As well as dealing with the cyclical, the field suffers from the process too. Perhaps it should: we shall see.

'I believe ghost story writing to be a dying art. It's just possible that another Montague Rhodes James may appear one day, but I profoundly doubt it.' So wrote H. Russell Wakefield in 1961, overlooking Russell Kirk, Robert Aickman, Fritz Leiber... Even when the recurring claim that the field is moribund is more closely argued, ignorance tends to show through. Take Julia Briggs' *Night Visitors* (Faber, 1977), subtitled 'The Rise and Fall of the English Ghost Story'. Like many histories of the field, it loses insight as it comes closer to the present day. For Briggs to show that Elizabeth Bowen's ghost stories express 'an increasing sense of spiritual dislocation' and 'the strange juxtaposition of the everyday and the bizarre, visible wherever one looked' in wartime London, yet then to argue that 'the modern urban environment' and contemporary 'attitudes to the inner life' have put paid to the ghost story 'except as a mode of nostalgia', strikes me as inconsistent, and suggests that she finds the present more solid and readily explicable than I do. It's no longer true that 'Freud's theories... had set the self-aware on their guard lest their fantasy... reveal more than they intended.' Not only is the supernatural tale capable of letting the subconscious speak freely – one of its great merits – but there are writers in the field who have found Freud's insights beneficial.

David Punter's *The Literature of Terror* (Longman, 1980) lays the ghost story to rest even earlier in its career, and convicts M.R. James of the dirty deed. However, Fritz Leiber's tales of urban supernatural terror are influenced by James but not by his self-consciousness, probably because Leiber's work is rooted in his own response to cities where he lived; Robert Aickman developed beyond James (about whose work, 'A School Story' excepted, he had reservations, because of what he saw as a lack of sincerity) simply by ignoring his influence. Alas, Punter's book provides no evidence

of his having read Leiber or Aickman or any other contemporary writer normally identified with the field. Instead, the book lurches into a discussion of horror films before defining 'contemporary Gothic' in terms of more critically acceptable writers (by which I do not intend to malign such fine imaginative writers as J.G. Ballard and Angela Carter). Too often, especially for the purposes of marketing, the mainstream ignores achievements in the field so as to claim to have revived it, and the authors are often least to blame.

By now, I've implicitly raised the question of what I mean by 'the field', and here, I think, the recurring arguments become more stimulating than a simple tolling of the knell. See, for instance, Susan Hill's introduction to her anthology of ghost stories (1983). Finding no spiritual sustenance in the sorts of book she sees being marketed as supernatural fiction, she seems to have determined to return to the first principles of the genre, as she perceives them. The trouble with her approach is that it excludes so much. I'm for broadening the field, not narrowing it, whereas she seems to hark back to a supposed Golden Age where definitions were clearer and ghost stories could be trusted not to be too disturbing or too horrific. Speaking of her own pastiche ghost story *The Woman in Black*, she maintained that the ghost story must be set in the past or somewhere that resembles the past, but that seems to me to be less a creative principle than an admission of defeat. For me at least, nostalgia muffles the effect of any good ghost story, and the same is true of the horror story, a form recurrently overtaken by nostalgia. Horror fiction is in the business of going too far, of showing the audience things they've avoided seeing or thinking; very much like humour, it's in the business of breaking taboos, and it follows that, once those taboos are broken, the field tends to lose power, to become 'safe'.

I'm sidling toward a definition of the genres, I see. Horror fiction speaks the unspeakable, ghost stories try to glimpse the eternal: will that do? Most other definitions that I've seen tend to blur the boundary: Susan Hill accepts stories in which the manifestations are projections from a character's psyche, but that's equally true of a good deal of horror fiction; Peter Nicholls (in a BBC radio programme where he suggested that 'the

ghost story has seldom been successfully transplanted to America!') quoted 'Lukundoo' as 'an old-fashioned ghost story', and Robert Robinson, bemoaning the passing of the Golden Age, expressed nostalgia for the walking cancer in 'Caterpillars', so that I begin to wonder if one received definition of 'ghost story' is 'horror story over a certain age'. Now I don't regard the blurring of the generic division as a bad thing; indeed, I think that a great many of the best ghost and horror stories can be claimed by both genres. And yet I'm beginning to wonder if that continues to be the case.

Susan Hill suggests that the ghost story went into decline in the Thirties because, with the rise of 'terror and horror' fiction, it was deemed to be no longer frightening enough (whether by writers, editors or the public she doesn't say). This is far too sweeping a claim, but nevertheless she raises a point that's discussed at greater length in a challenging essay serialised in the first two issues of Raymond Alexander's and R.S. Hadji's excellent Canadian journal *Borderland*. Aylward argues towards a point I find hard to dismiss, even if I wanted to: '...the writers, who used to strive for awe and achieve fear, now strive for fear and achieve only disgust.'

Of course there are contemporary writers of whom this isn't true – writers as different, and as considerable, as T.E.D. Klein and Thomas Ligotti. But it seems more and more to me that one reason why people hark back to a Golden Age of supernatural fiction is that too much of the contemporary field is lacking in awe. The current exploration of explicit horror has produced some remarkable and lasting work, but I believe that the increasingly mindless escalation of horror is only a phase, and one bound to produce a creative reaction from the field itself. I'm not alone in this: look at the way Clive Barker, James Herbert, Stephen King, Peter Straub have been going... I'd like to think that we're all on the road to awe. Of all the recurrences, this is the one I'd like to see return: the sense in horror fiction of something larger than oneself.

Ramsey Campbell's latest books are *Ancient Images* published by Century, and *The Influence*, now out in paperback from Legend.



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and
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spring **summer**
89

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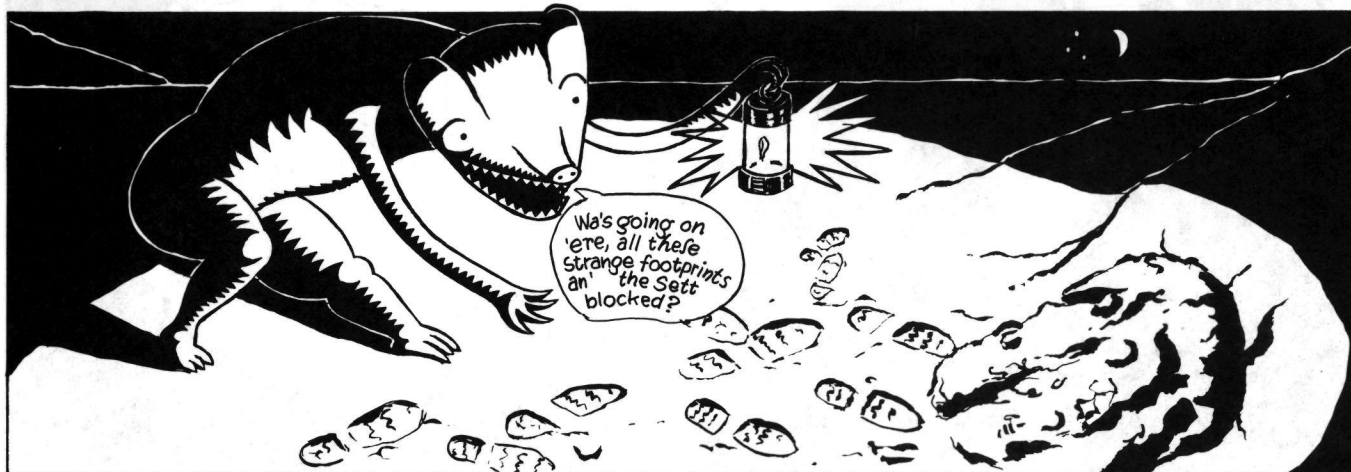
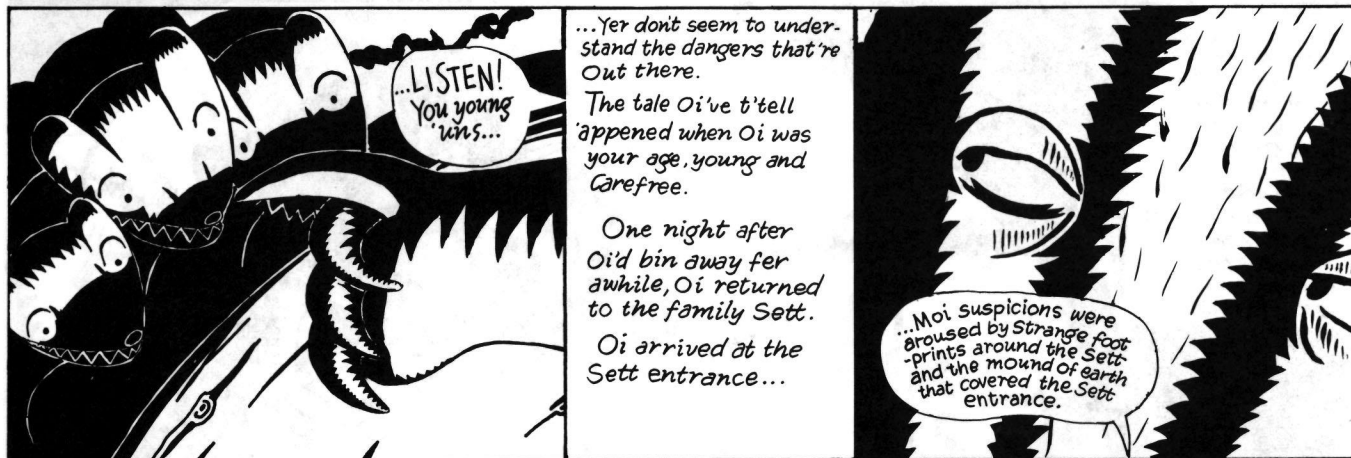
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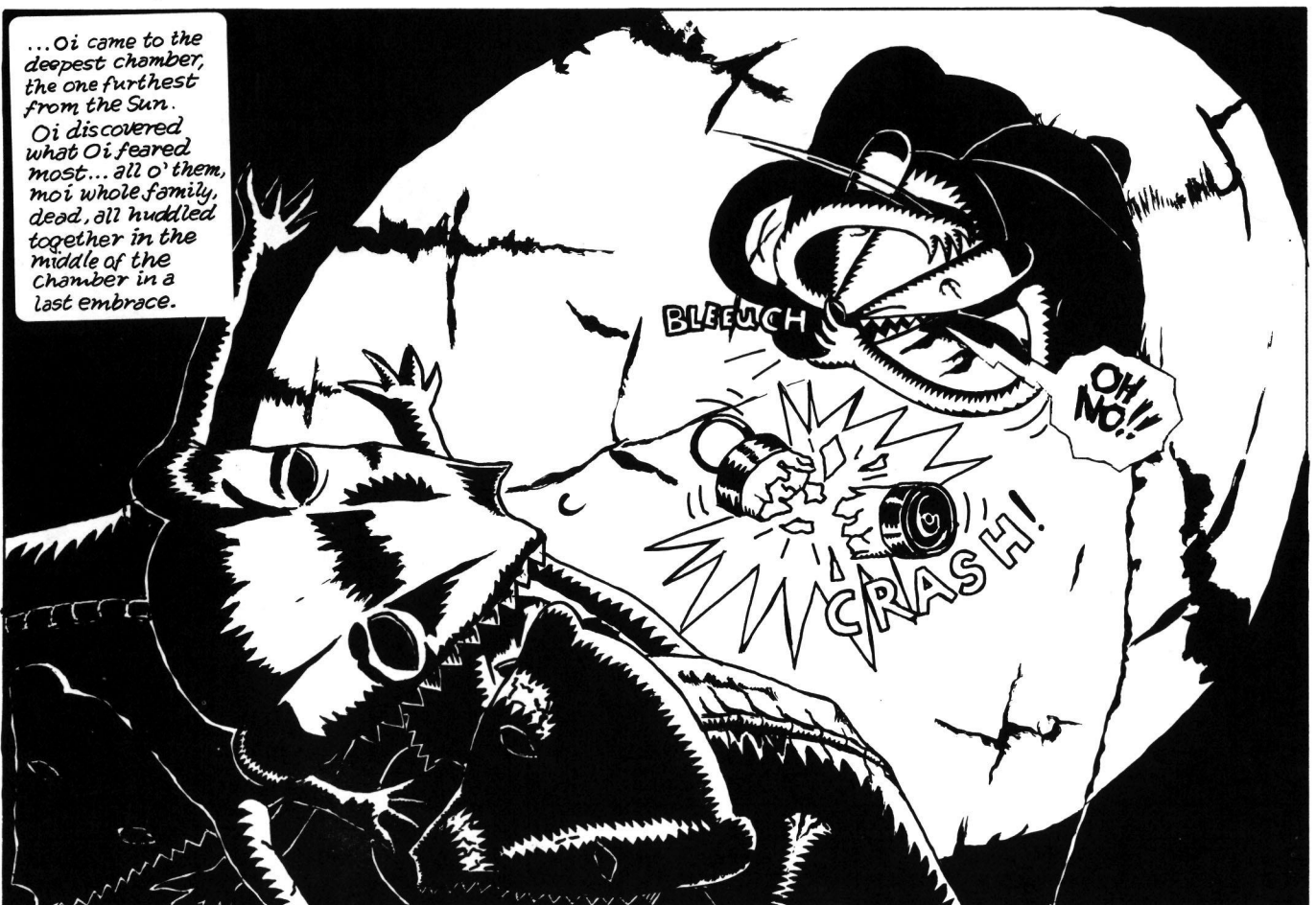
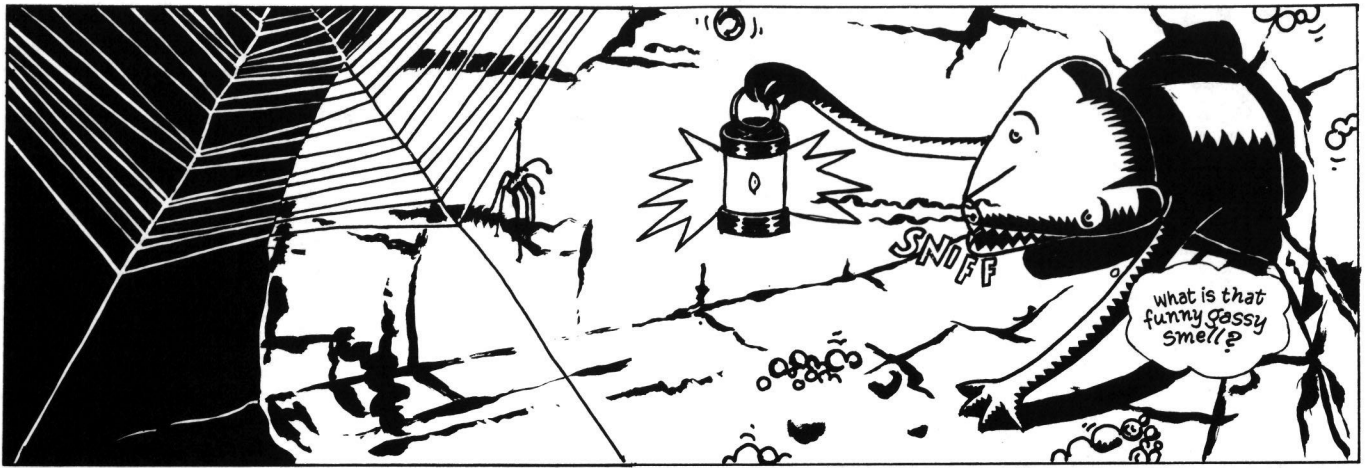
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A Badger's Nightmare

DEEP IN A DARKEN SETT...

TIM B. 1988





Oi panicked, Oi ran as fast as Oi could, thur was somethin' in the air that 'ad killed em, somethin' put there by whatever 'ad left them footprints and blocked the Sett.

Oi ran blindly, Oi didn't know wur Oi was going but then all of a sudden Oi was caught...

by a Snare!



Thur was only one way Oi could escape those demons in the Shadows, them who wanted me dead... When free, Oi crawled to a nearby Sett where Oi was nursed back to 'ealth by Badgers. Now Oi tell badgers moi tale; Oi warns 'em o' the evil tha' lurks in the Shadows.. an evil all around us.

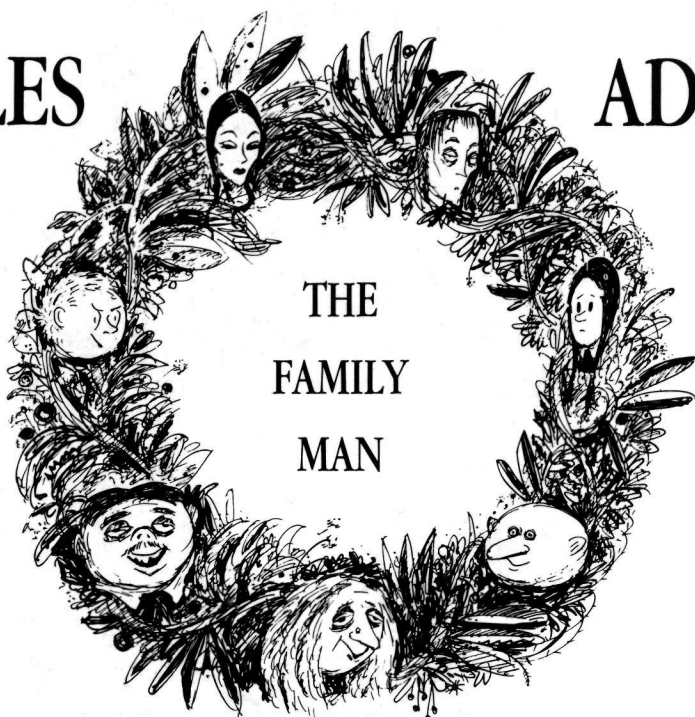


END



CHARLES

ADDAMS



THE
FAMILY
MAN

1912 – 1988

**Morticia, Uncle Fester, Lurch the butler and the rest will
live on in the eerie cathode limbo of repeats, but
Charles Addams' macabre pen has run dry – or has it?
Les Coleman pays his last respects**

THE DRAWING SHOWS a worried woman explaining her dilemma to the doctor, while we look through to the library, where her husband, dressed in a diving suit, stands reading a book. The maid operates a pump to supply oxygen to the man, while a small boy listens-in on headphones, in case his father should get into difficulty. 'I'm at my wits end, Doctor. We simply can't convince him that he isn't living underwater.'

The cartoon comes from *Addams and Evil*, a collection originally published in 1947 and currently the only Addams book available in this country.

Charles Addams died last September at the age of seventy-six, a rare and gifted cartoonist, whose humour revelled in the ghoulish and macabre. His work appeared primarily in *The New Yorker* from the late Thirties up to the present day. From the start, his cartoons were described as being 'enjoyably repulsive' and had an unsettling quality not to be found elsewhere.

It is not often that a cartoonist makes one consistently laugh out loud, but for me Addams has that ability, born out of his unique vision. When the writer André Gide said, 'The artist needs a special world to which he alone has the key', these sentiments could easily apply to Charles Addams, whose work becomes a world we enter. The dark side of humour is explored in the light of distorted perception and contradictory logic, described by Wolcott Gibbs in his introduction to *Addams and Evil*, as 'a total and melodramatic re-arrangement of all life.'

Humour will often change our frames of reference, by deconstructing one set of values and introducing a new set of associations. Because of this inversion, black humour by definition is irreverent. Addams introduces us to the unexpected and bizarre via unexplained changes in scale, time shifts, visual ambiguity and

cultural scrambling. An amazed explorer stares in disbelief, when his torchbeam reveals the equation $E=mc^2$ along with all the other cave paintings and hieroglyphics. A variation of the cave painting joke is, 'You're right. It is still wet.' A recurrent theme with Addams is the miniaturisation of people, so that he can talk about our relative understanding of surroundings. The golfer and his black

caddie are surprised to find a small ladder down the fifth hole with the sign 'Men Working'.

The Gothic 'Family', Charles Addams' best remembered cartoons, were an exercise in the demonic, with the 'Family' at odds with the rest of the world in respect of their 'lifestyle'. Morticia doesn't borrow a cup of sugar from the neighbours, naturally it has to be cyanide.

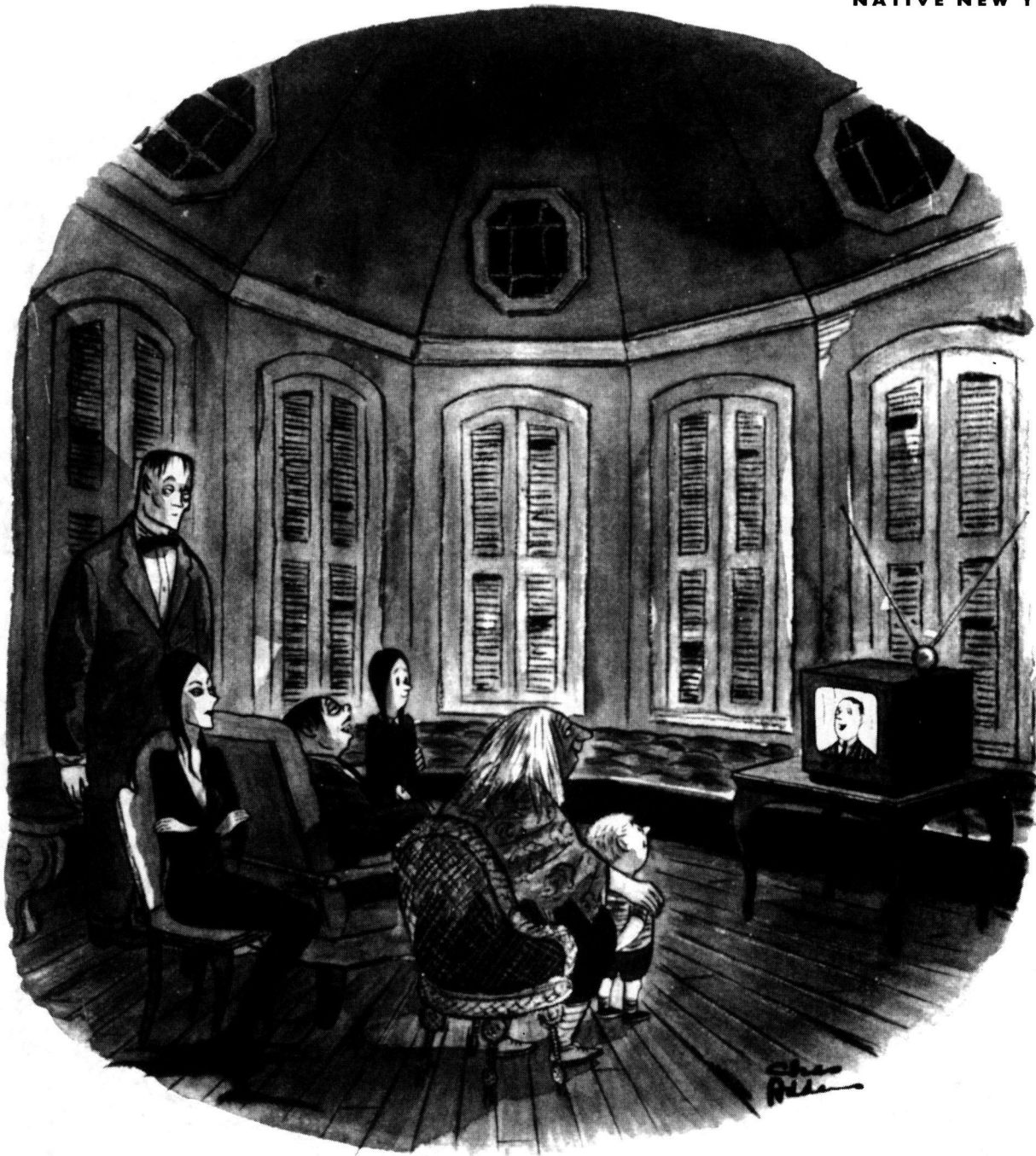


When biscuits are baked, they are in the shape of bats, snakes and the skull and crossbones. Pugsley (his original name Pubert was censored for television) and his young sister Wednesday still believe in Santa Claus, so it is necessary to make sure the fire is well stoked. 'All right, children, a nice big sneer, now', encourages Morticia, as they pose for a photograph. Of all the 'Family' cartoons, begun in 1937, my favourite is Uncle Fester at the cinema. Here he sits, surrounded by an audience of tearful filmgoers, while he alone sees the funny side. Of course, it is very hard not to join him. 'Fester', said Addams, 'I always figure, is me.'

The early Sixties saw the arrival of *The Addams Family* on television to rival that other group of ghouls, *The Munsters*. Addams suddenly had to name all his characters, as it had never been his intention to develop his work in this way. 'After the show went on the air, Mr. Shawn, the editor of *The New Yorker*, felt that my characters were somehow sullied by being on television, and so they no longer appeared in the magazine.' Addams continued publishing cartoons regularly, approximately thirty five drawings a year. These in turn were collected into ten volumes over the years and include the titles *Drawn and Quartered*, *Chas Addams' Black Maria*, *Night Crawlers* and most recently *Creature Comforts* published in 1981. All are to be thoroughly recommended.

Addams the Man, according to accounts, described himself as a 'defrocked ghoul', given to pranks and jests and surrounding himself with ornaments of the macabre. A further volume is *The Dear Dead Days*, an anthology he compiled of illustrated and photographic ephemera from his collection, devoted to the more morbid side of life.

Born in New Jersey, he developed his appetites in early childhood. He studied briefly at the Grand Central School of Art. Early employment included working



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in the art department of a crime magazine where 'my job was to paint black crosses on photographs to indicate where the body was found.' Throughout his life his love affairs were with women, fast cars, which he raced early on, and medieval crossbows. Addams married three times and was an escort to the newly widowed Jacqueline Kennedy. 'On one occasion her mother said to me, "What's Jackie whispering about?" I said, "I don't know. That's the way she talks." It's funny her mother hadn't no-

ticed before.' A man who enjoyed living up to his ghoulish reputation, it was poetic that Addams should die from a heart attack at the wheel of his favourite car.

When I asked Patrick Hughes, the painter and writer, about Charles Addams' humour, he had this to say: 'I've got ten of his books. I'm still looking for *My Crowd*. I don't think it's really about monsters, businessmen or explorers; I think it's about something else. There are loads of jokes about scale, perhaps this

means he felt threatened by something. One of Addams' girlfriends was the young lady, on top of whom an aging Rockefeller died. Lightning didn't strike twice in the same spot.'

Reading an obituary by W.J. Weatherby, I found it curious that he quoted 'leading art critics'. They recognised the cartoons 'for their technical accomplishment as well as their original ideas.' It is unnecessary to make such comments when Addams' real critics were the readers of *The New Yorker*, who laughed at

his jokes for more than fifty years, and still do.

Since his death, *The New Yorker* has continued to publish his cartoons, but now, perhaps, sent from the other side.

Addams and Evil £4.95, Methuen Paperback.

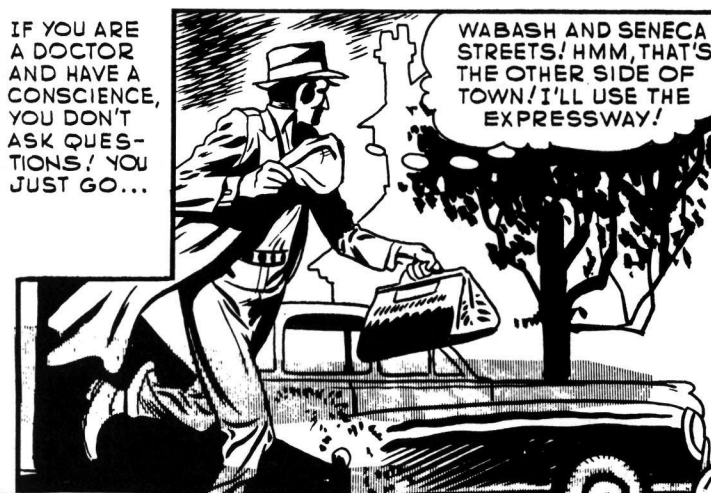
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MRS. BRADFORD! YOUR HUSBAND NEEDS AN IMMEDIATE OPERATION! YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP ME IF YOU WANT TO SAVE HIM! GET SOME BOILING WATER AND CLEAN RAGS PREPARED!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, DOCTOR! ANYTHING, JUST SO'S YOU GIT PAW FIXED UP!



IT WAS THE CRUDEST OPERATION HE HAD EVER PERFORMED... AN ORDEAL IN THE BACKWOODS...

SOAK THAT TOWEL, MRS. BRADFORD! HAND ME THAT PAIR OF CLAMPS, QUICKLY! OH, WHAT WOULDN'T I GIVE FOR A CLEAN WHITE OPERATING ROOM!



HE'S RALLYING NOW! I THINK HE'S GOING TO BE FINE, MRS. BRADFORD! THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

BLESS YOU, DOCTOR! YOU'RE A FINE MAN! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!



AS HE STARTED TO LEAVE...

WE CAN'T PAY YOU, DOCTOR, BUT I WANT YOU TO HAVE THIS! IT BELONGED TO MY FATHER! NO, NO YOU MUST TAKE IT DOCTOR! PLEASE!

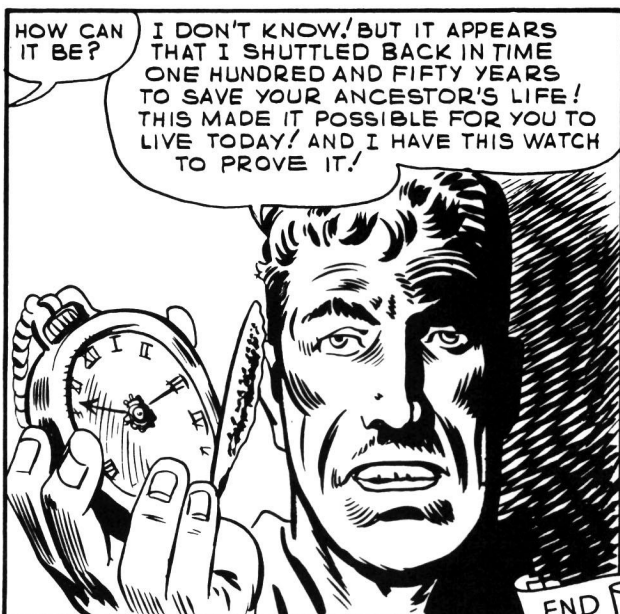
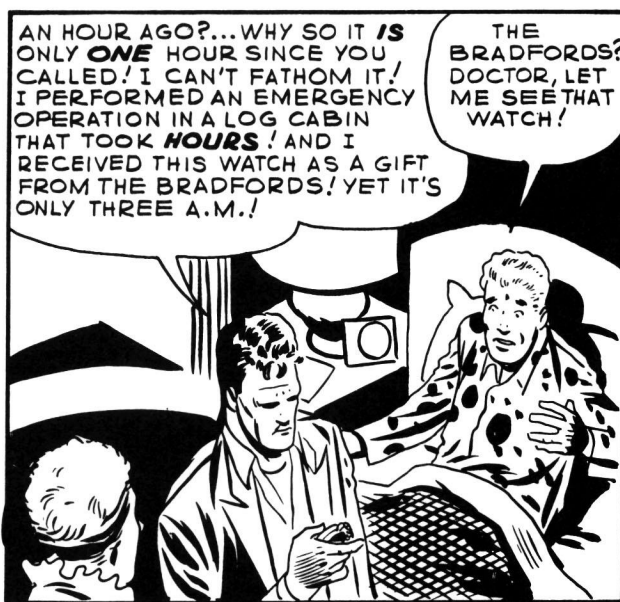
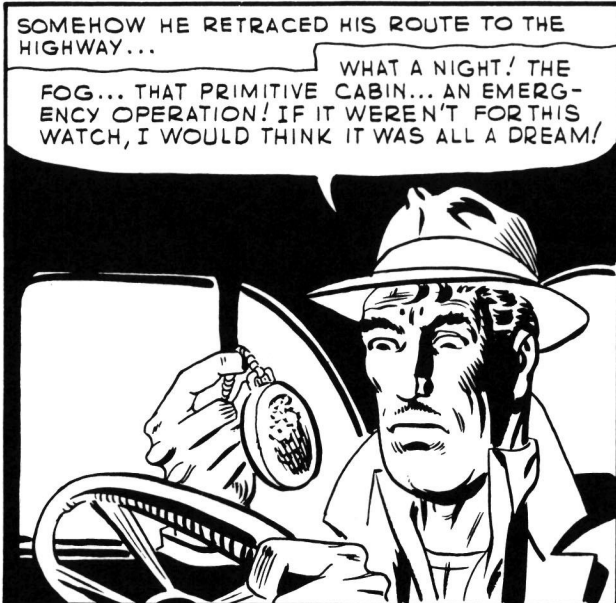
WHY IT'S BEAUTIFUL! BUT HOW CAN I... WELL, I GUESS I CAN'T ARGUE! THANK YOU, MRS. BRADFORD!



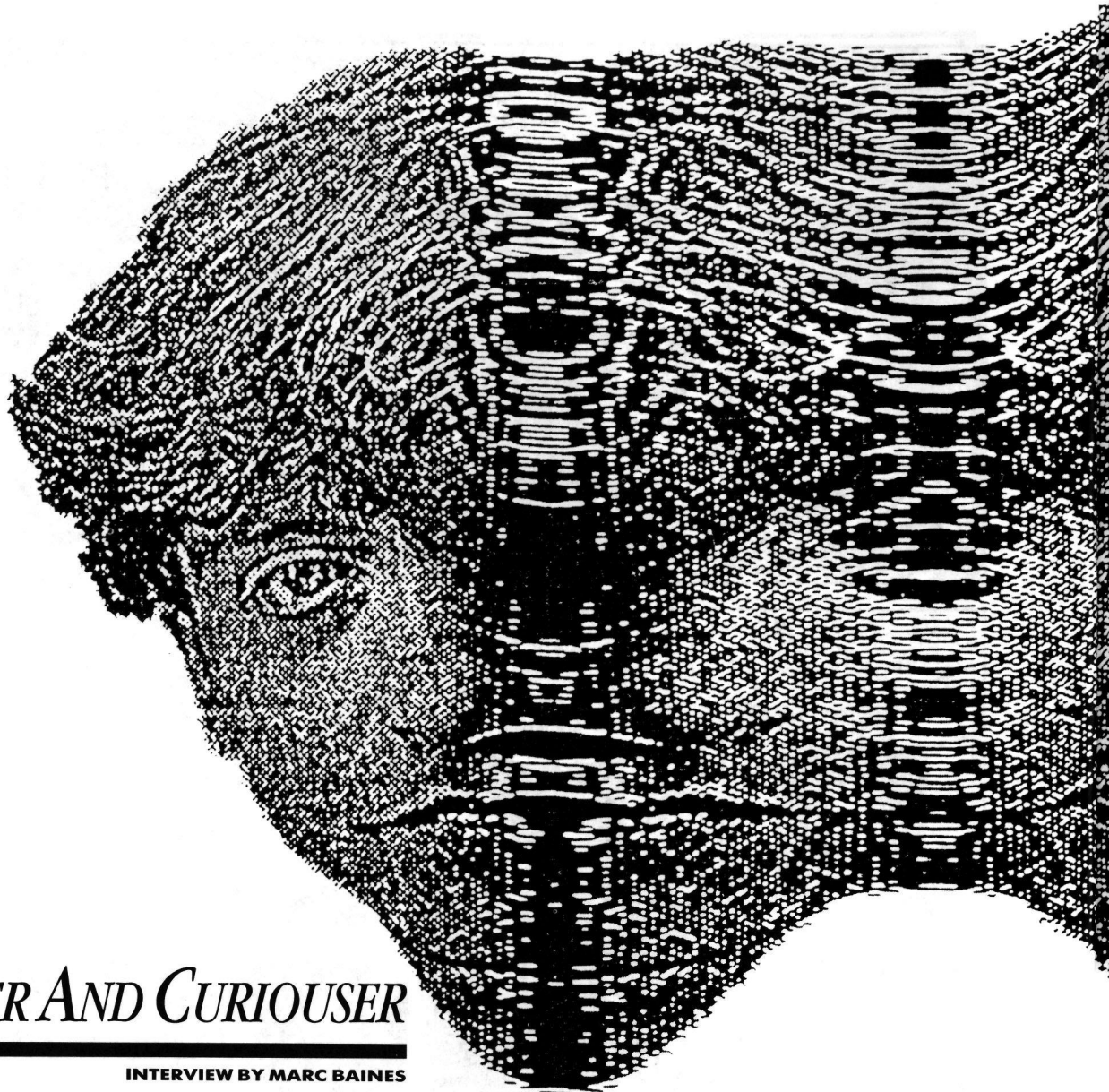
I THINK YOU CAME FROM THISAWAY, DOCTOR! CAN YOU SEE YOUR BUGGY?

MY BUGGY??? OH... YES! I CAN FIND MY WAY NOW, SON! GO BACK TO YOUR FAMILY AND TAKE CARE OF YOUR FATHER!





END



KURIOUSER AND CURIUSER

INTERVIEW BY MARC BAINES

You use a lot of archaic words and images in your songs, tying up the past with what's happening now. In *I Am Kurious Oranj*, you have William of Orange arriving in Brighton and minutes later there's a Rangers v Celtic football match. Do you have an overall view of some kind of continuum?

Yeah, I think there's some kind of common knowledge within yourself that comes out in all sorts of things. Some people call it a gene pool, which is how what I'm doing has been described. Apparently, you know things about history subconsciously, things you've never been taught, they're already in you. This could explain something like Belfast; people have got it in their bones and there's nothing they can actually do about it. What they think is the truth, that's what it is. Also I was very into Philip K. Dick and he used time changes a lot.

Another similarity between Dick's stuff

and yours is his use of working class characters like mechanics. They're going through all this shit already, divorce proceedings or whatever, and then this really off-the-wall shit comes down on them ...

They find out they're living in 2080 rather than 1957. What's that one? *Time Out Of Joint*.

Right. Robert Crumb did a strip based on the introduction to *Valis*; Dick has a vision and sees that the world is stuck in the time period just after Christ's death, when the disciples started out on their mission. Generally accepted 'reality' is stripped away and Dick gets an insight into how the world really is.

Ha, yeah. Things got really sad towards the end of his career. He used to take speed continually, and that's what it does to your mind after a while ... I'll tell you who I like as regards comics, I'm very into *Luther Arkwright*, always was. I used

to read *Near Myths* years ago when it was banned. What I liked about them was their Jerry Cornelius – Michael Moorcock approach. *Arkwright* is the most brilliant thing, it's similar to that continuum you were asking me about, all those time shifts – great! On this alternative Earth, Cromwell never lost and his descendants kept control, so there's no Royal family and Britain's Fascist and everything's fucked up. I'm pleased they're putting out the *Arkwright* books, but I'm not a comics buff, I don't like the hedonism of comics. I was addicted to comics when I was a kid, but something went wrong down the road there ...

Did your interest in the supernatural peak with *Dragnet*? There's been some recent stuff like 'Bremen Nacht' ...

Yeah, I always wrote a lot of prose bits and I think that's an influence. What you read when you're teenage leaves an indelible mark on you. I left school when I

was sixteen and my education was like M.R. James, Algernon Blackwood, Clarke Ashton Smith. H.P. Lovecraft was a big hero of mine. I don't read them now ...

Do you read any modern horror?

If I pick up a Stephen King, it just makes me sick. I've read it all before and better written. I'm a member of the Arthur Machen Appreciation Society, one of the only musicians in it. He's fucking brilliant.

What about Poe?

Yeah, especially the poems. *The Raven* is brilliant. I'll tell you who's a good writer – Isaac Bashevis Singer. I used to read a lot of Yiddish literature, still do. Singer wrote a great story called *Satan In Goray*. It was a true story about what happened in 1666 in this Polish village called Goray. It's all been covered up in Jewish history but Yiddish people still remember it. All the Orthodox Jews got out



of hand, because they were so oppressed by the bastard racist Poles and Russians, that they had to keep to themselves, cut off. All these weird Jewish sects sprang up. One of them believed that if you did evil on the outside, your inside would be good – almost like a Rasputin scenario. They believed that doing evil was the best thing to do, because the inverse maths says your inside would therefore be pure. Can you believe this?! One of these guys vaguely connected with this cult went around with chains on his legs, and became highly respected in this village, regarded as some kind of prophet. He foretold that on the sixth day of the sixth month in 1666, the Saviour was going to arrive. So all the people in the village got ready for this great event when God was going to come down and take them away. They'd been harassed by Cossacks and Ukrainians, pogroms, but the community still stuck together. There was this incredible

hysteria – they all started taking the mud off their roofs.

So they could be taken straight up to heaven?!

Yeah. Even the villagers who are very together people, merchants and craftsmen, they all do it. And nothing happens on that day and their whole life just goes. It's really horrific, really horrible. And the implication is that this prophet is in fact Satan. Yiddish literature is quite fantastic.

The *I Am Kurious Oranj* soundtrack LP is available on Beggar's Banquet Records and due soon on the same label is a retrospective of the best of the Beggars years, 1982 to 1988, including as-yet-unreleased tracks, 'Squid Lord' and 'Dead Beat Descendant'.

L

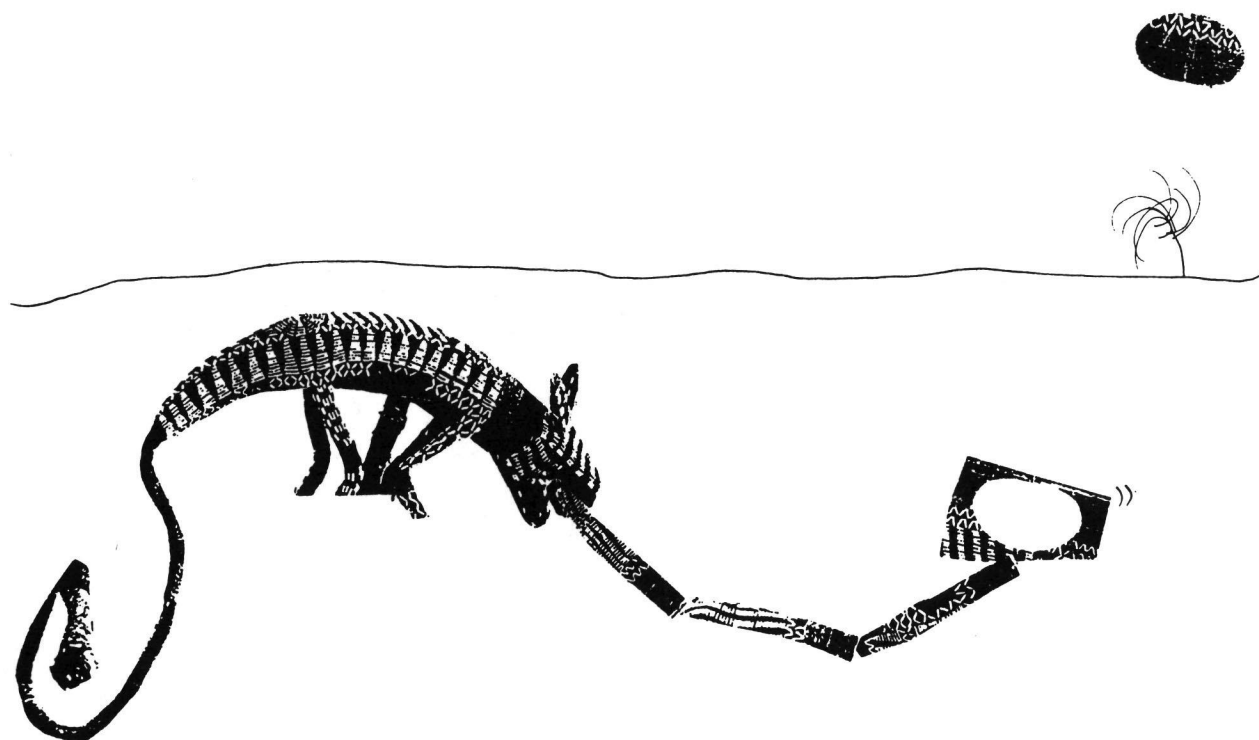
LAST YEAR The Fall went all out to prove themselves 'the hardest working band in showbiz'. They collaborated with the Michael Clarke ballet company in an extraordinary exchange of ideas that produced *I Am Curious Orange*, a ballet built around the accession of William of Orange to the throne of England. They played live with the dance troupe over twenty nights, toured twice in their own right, released two fine LPs, *The Frenz Experiment* and *I Am Kurious Oranj*, launched their own record label Cog Sinister, and finally made the long put off move from the independent Beggars Banquet to Phonogram, a major label.

All this activity marked the tenth anniversary of their debut release, the *'Bingo Masters Break Out'* EP, which married punk aggression with black Mancunian humour and a Dada sensibility. Under the helmismanship of Mark E. Smith, who styles himself 'the original rapper', 'the white crap that talks back', they've remained at the cutting edge of rock music, pushing forward into exciting and often unexpected areas.

The arcane is one area the group have continually explored and in a more convincing manner than their peers or the ill-named 'Goth' groups. Smith's obsession has always been with the true Gothic monstrosities lurking around him. *'Dragnet'*, the second of something like a dozen studio LPs, is rife with references to the supernatural; just look at those song titles – *'Spector vs. Rector'*, *'Psykick Dance Hall'*, *'A Figure Walks'*. Spooks have cropped up more recently in their slapstick version of R. Dean Taylor's *'Ghost In My House'* and *'Bremen Nacht'*, a song loaded with foreboding. *'It'll be a long, long time gone/ Till my spirit will by accident/ Go back and come from Bremen Nacht.'*

The past intruding into the present is a strong theme of Smith's. In 'the only place to get a decent pint of Boddingtons in Manchester', I asked him about this aspect of his work.

ILLUSTRATION BY IAN WRIGHT



PARAFFIN

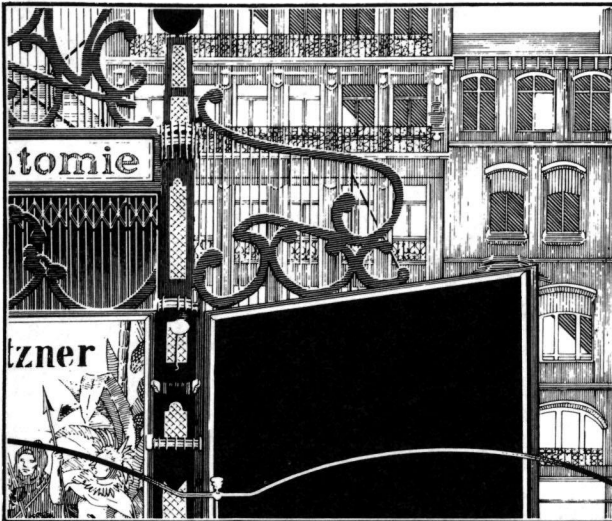
**ADVENTURES IN A WINE CALABASH
COURTESY OF SILICON FISH — EZE CHIMALIO**

Published April 14th, £1.60. Available from The Fast Fiction Service or direct for £2.00 including post (UK only) from: PARAFFIN, c/o The London Cartoon Centre, 249–251 Kensal Road, London W10.



My name is Paul Delmotte and I believe my painting is widely known and appreciated. In 1919, when I was still quite young, I was one of the many visitors to Brussels' fairground, the Foire du Midi, who particularly appreciated the attraction known as Dr. Spitzner's Museum. I was a pupil at the Academy of Fine Arts nearby, and I still remember clearly the unutterable sensations I felt on my first visit to the Museum.

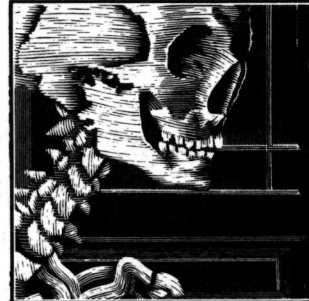
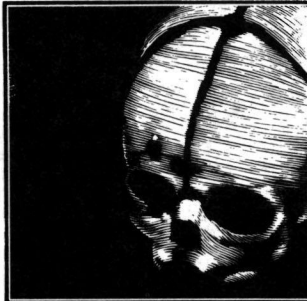
DR SPITZNER'S WAX MUSEUM



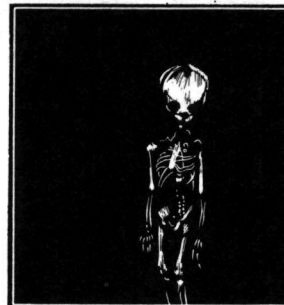
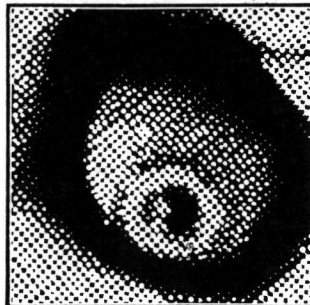
It was on a humid July day, early in the afternoon. The Spider-Woman was due for her siesta; the stalls were being spruced up in anticipation of the hordes of grubby kids, enticed by the fairground sideshows.

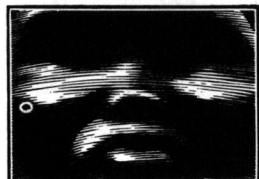
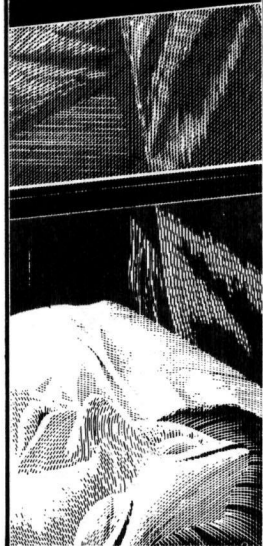
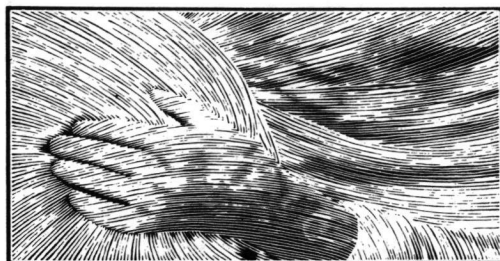
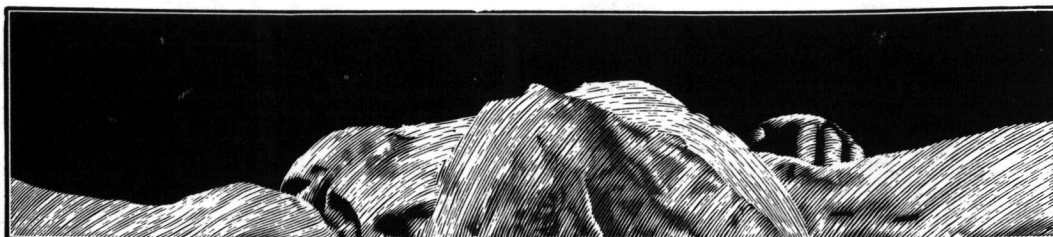
Undecided, I paced back and forth in front of the gloomy building, until it attracted sarcastic remarks from the fat woman seated at the till.

Blushing, I bought a ticket. Then, with my heart pounding, I entered the temple of Dr. Spitzner.



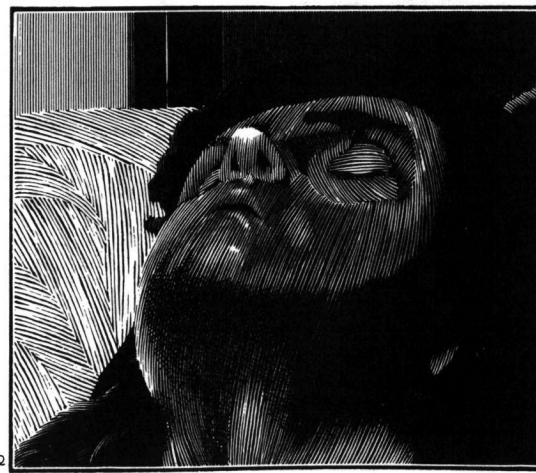
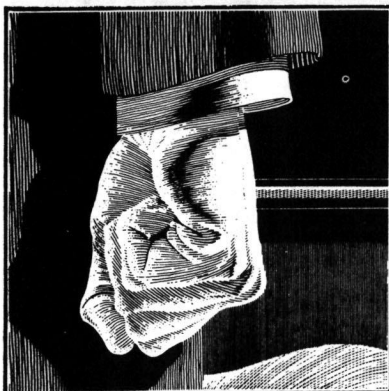
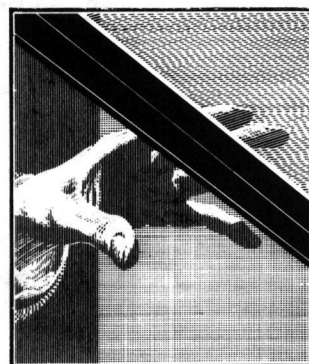
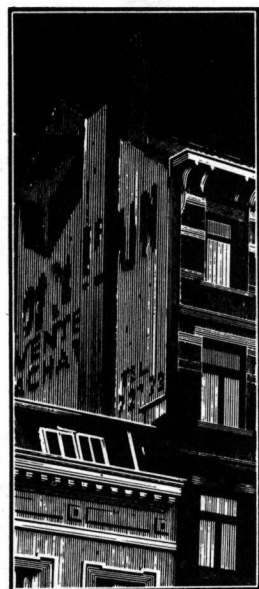
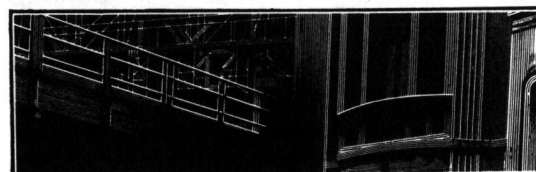
Before me stood wax figures, piercing the shadows with their staring eye-sockets ... Silently, they beckoned me to look at them more closely, to learn their arcane secrets by reading their dreadful inscriptions ... The vilest cankers, the most appalling growths, distorted those faces into players in an inhuman tragedy. Curiously, at that time, I was giving up a career as a surgeon to become a painter, but in that instant, seeing those terrible mannequins, I longed to be able to heal them all!



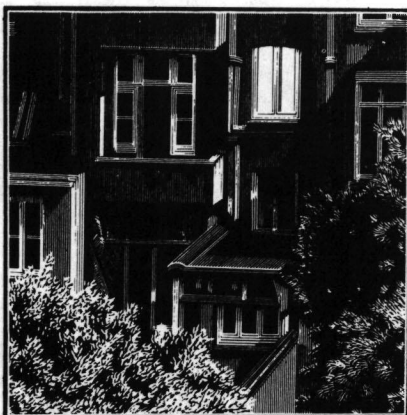


And suddenly, I saw her! There she was, behind a curtain I had unwittingly drawn back. She lay on a glass panel, her breast slowly, regularly respiring ...

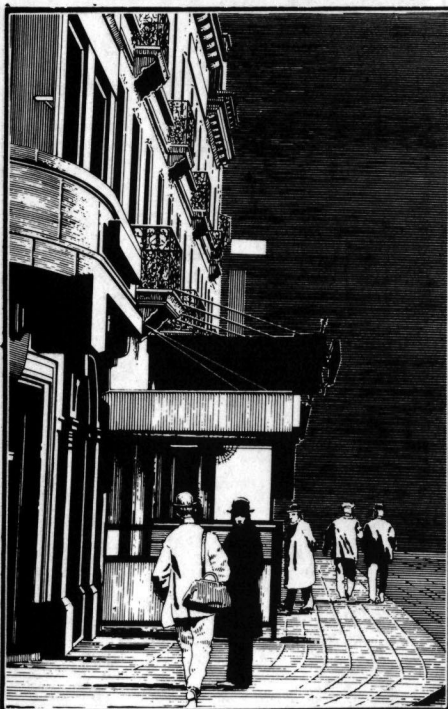
Her porcelain eyes, her madonna's smile charged my nervous system like a thunderbolt! From that moment, I was out of control: I thought I recognised her, I was certain she was alive, and her palpitating, half-exposed body beckoned me from every fibre ...



Later, in the solitude of my small room in Uccle, I was seized with fear. I had behaved like a madman in that waxworks. What had come over me, for me to lose my reason – and control of my body? What spell, what magic could have caused it?



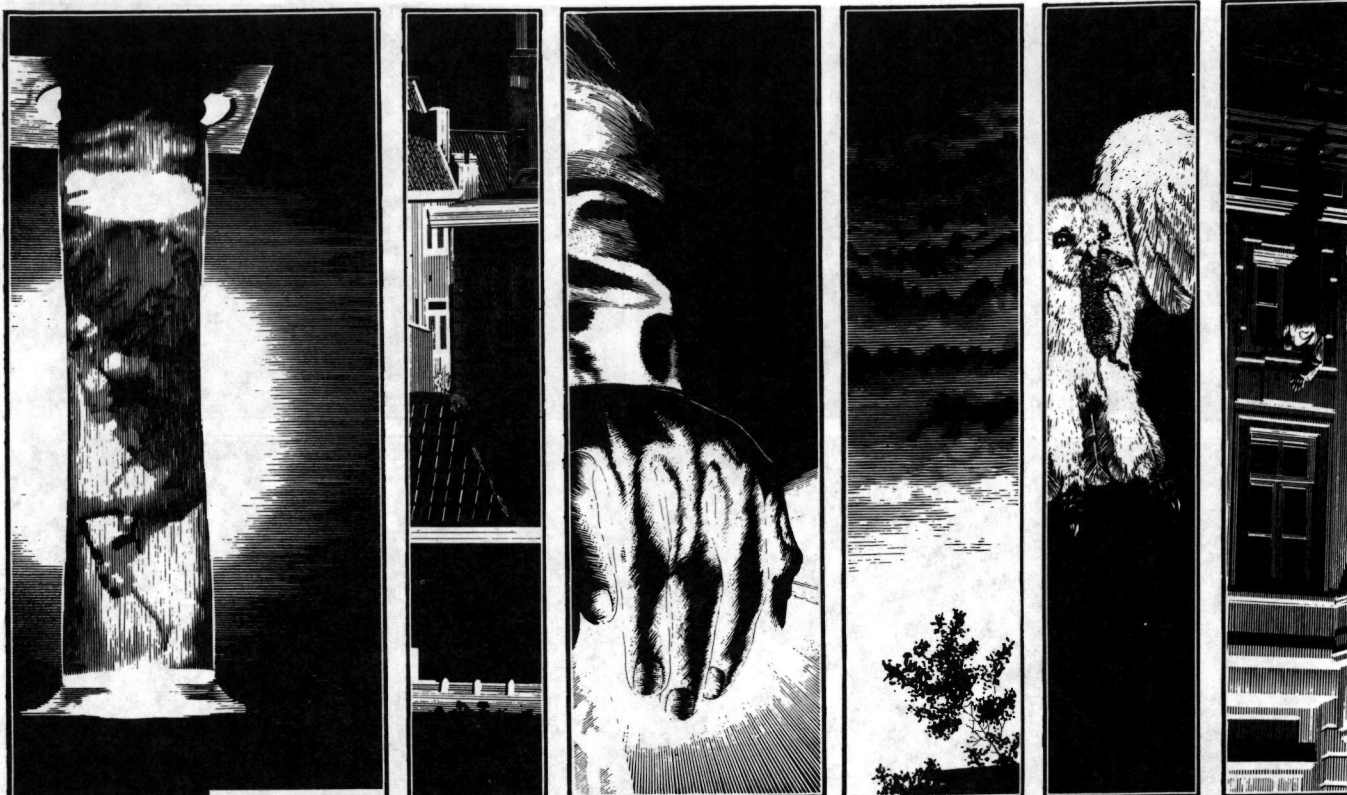
The next day, while reading the morning papers, I realised the consequences of my bizarre actions: all of them reported the alarming disappearance of a female wax figure from the exhibition room of the famous Dr Spitzner. It was my fault – I had somehow restored it back to life – this woman who perhaps had never lived before!



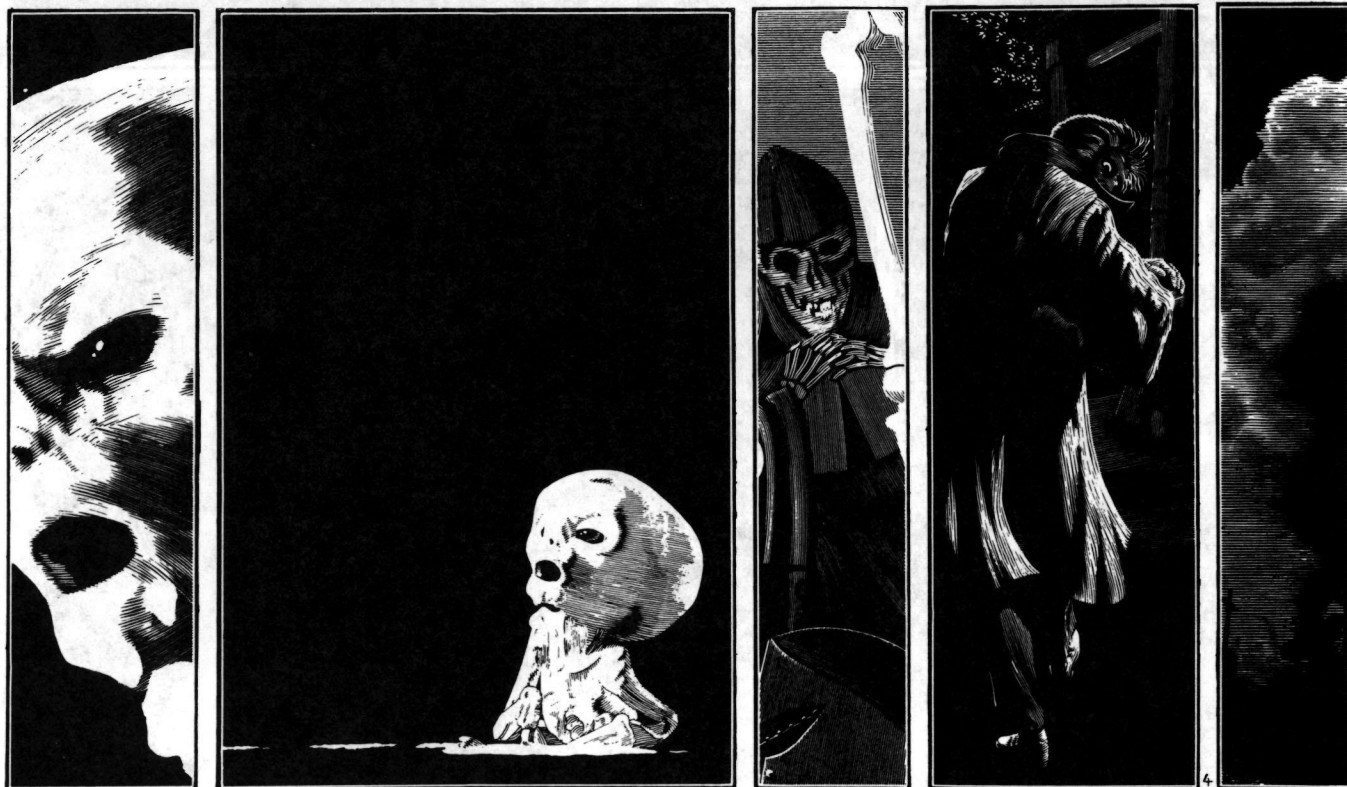
That evening, returning from drinks with friends, I was aware that I was being followed. I knew it would not be long before she would manifest herself!

But, as it transpired, my nerves had to endure – as best they could – a long wait; it was not until October, when the fair was on in Liege, that a strangely written note announced her presence to me.

And what was horrifying: she was bearing my child!



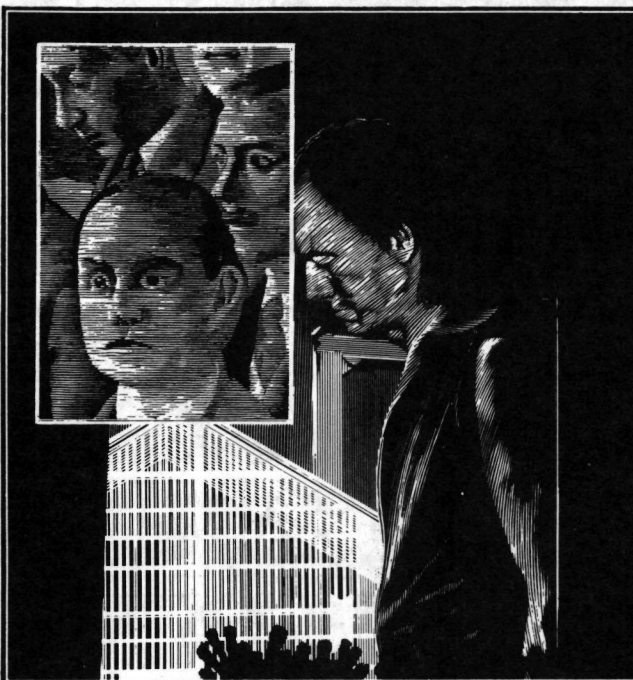
My life had become a nightmare. It was curious: I never saw that woman alive again, until, in an unclear way, our child came into my life. At one point, I'd even thought it was all a practical joke, set up by some medical students! But ten months later, I found a basket on my doorstep – containing the newborn baby!



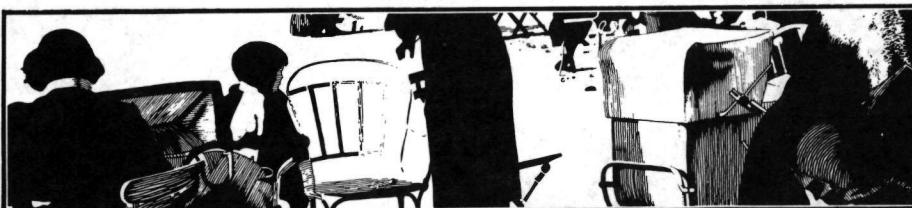
And then I realised the nightmare was deepening: the torso and limbs of the little child – a boy – were of wax, cold and hard; only his head was alive, crying and rolling his awful eyes ... I had to get rid of it! I hurried to the cemetery in Uccle and buried it!



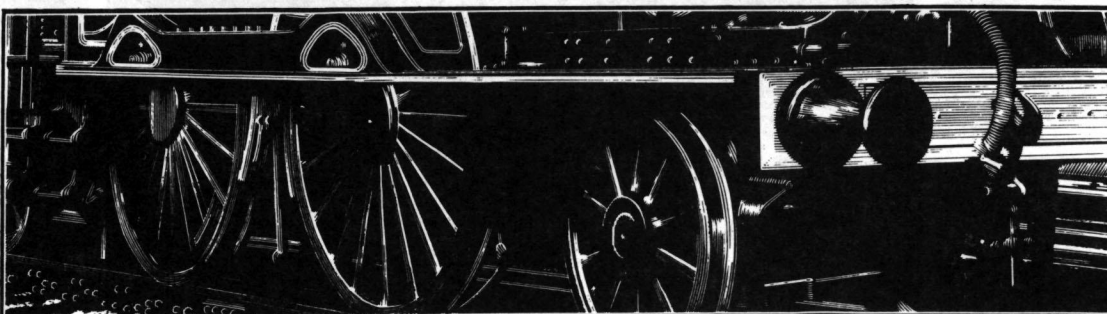
After that my life went back to normal. I worked harder than ever on my painting: but my subjects were still haunted by the nightmare I had just lived through, a nightmare that became inexplicably confused, with weird nocturnal visions of railways and looming bridges ...

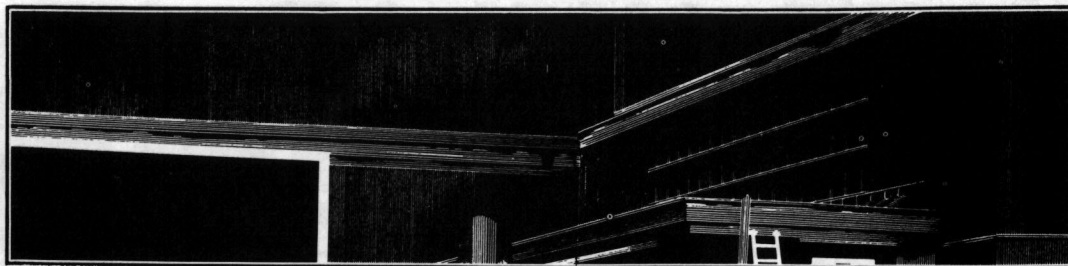
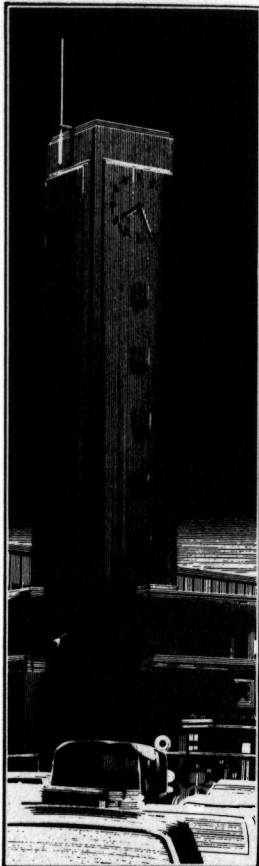


And the strangeness of my style helped to make my paintings distinctive. Soon commissions flooded in. I was invited to the salons of the town, where wealthy patrons debated my talents.

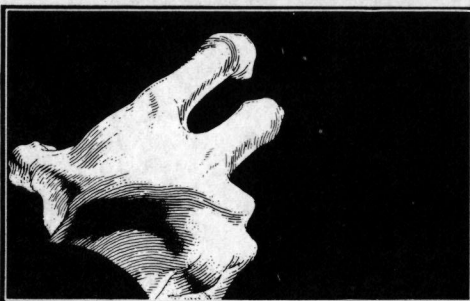


I earned money, married a woman who gave me bright beautiful children. I became famous and travelled the world ...

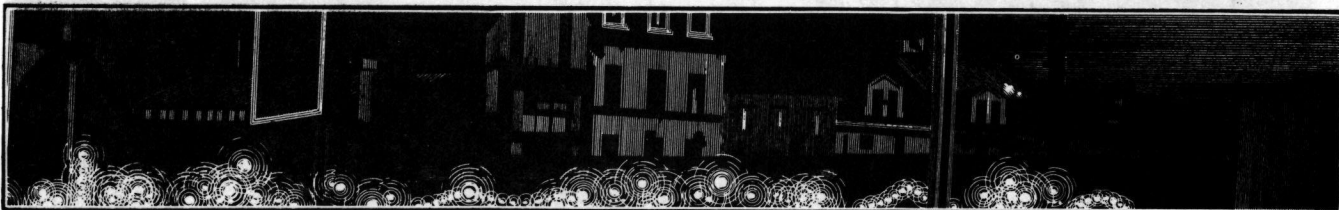




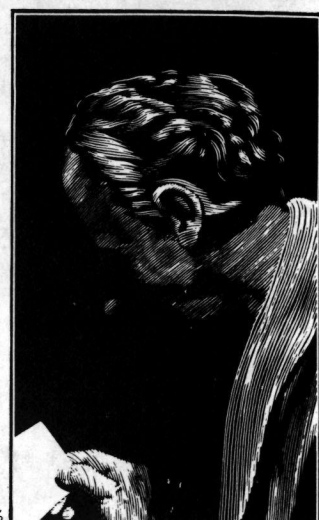
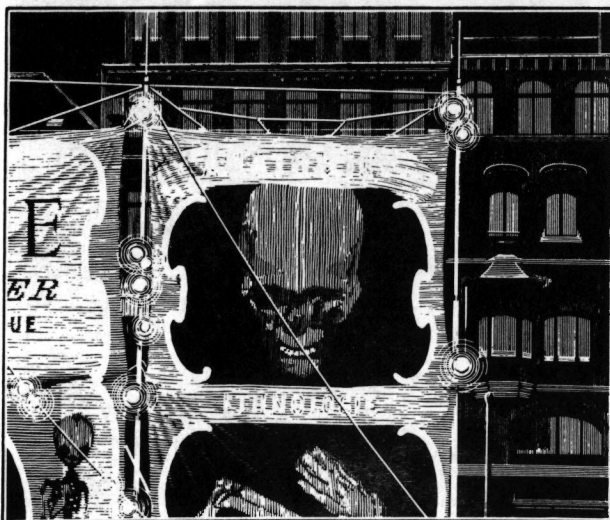
July 1967. I was back in Brussels from a long journey in the United States, where an exhibition had crowned my career. One evening, I was with my friend, the art critic Adrien Peeters, not far from the station. In little more than an hour, my wife Helen and our two daughters were due to arrive on a train from London.

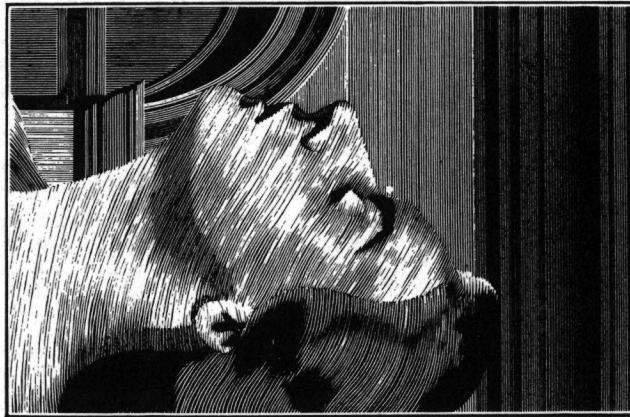


As we had time on our hands, Adrien suggested we look round the fairground, whose lights and clamour were a relief from the dismal station. Thoughtlessly, I agreed and soon after, I found myself back in the nightmare setting from my past ...

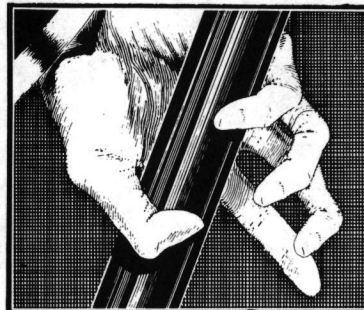


An irrational impulse drove me to seek out the spot where Dr Spitzner's Museum had been – and there it was still! Of course, it looked different. I asked Peeters to wait for me and, in a moment, I was inside.

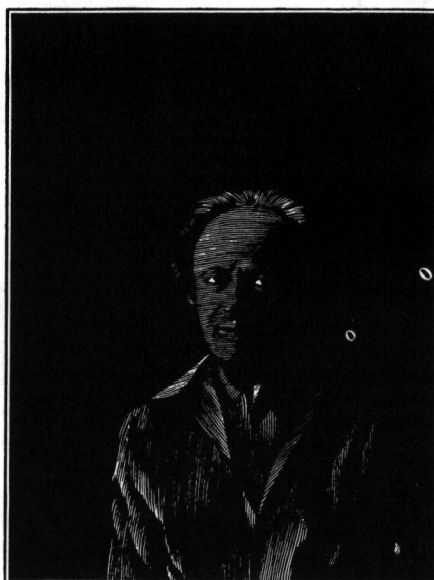
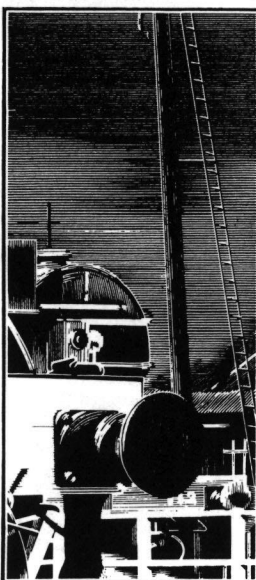




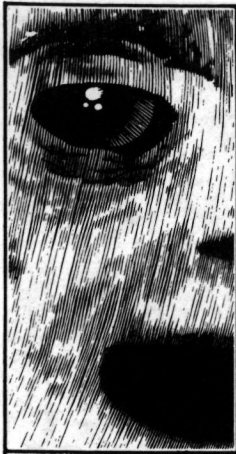
Those same shadows, those same shining eyes ... Trembling, I drew back the curtain, and behind it lay a woman. It was her! Then, the fever I had felt before gripped me again. This time a murderous fever.



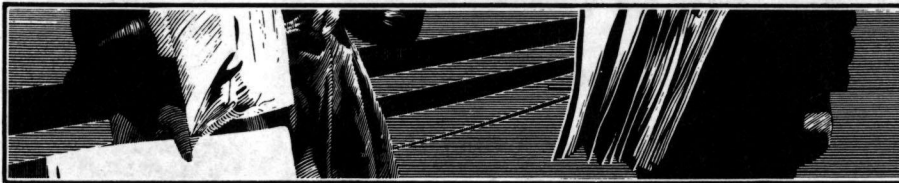
I saw a metal rod. I grabbed it and with terrible determination, I stabbed it in a single thrust into the woman's heart. Immediately, I saw her body curl up and start to shrivel, as if affected by an intense heat. That it was her I have no doubt - now she was dying before my eyes, paying for our unspeakable act ... I turned my head away and looked for the way out.



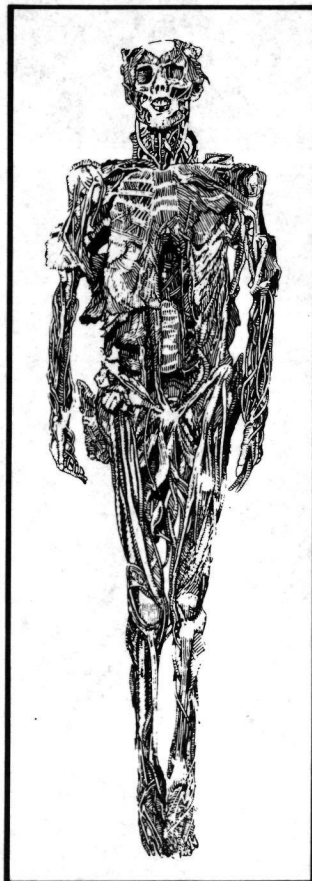
Then I heard terrifying cackling laughter from behind another curtain ...



I threw aside the drapery and what I saw was the final awful blow: Him! That foul thing to which I had given life, which I had thought was dead, buried under the earth. There he was, forty years later, mocking me! I grabbed the rod again and smashed at him savagely, until he stopped groaning!



Outside, Adrien was waiting for me. He looked distressed. There was uproar all around the station, amid the cries of newspaper boys. I read the drama in my friend's eyes at the same time as in the headlines of the latest edition: the London train had been derailed just outside Ostend station, and there were no survivors ...



The nightmare seized me again like the jaws of a trap – or like in one of my paintings ° which had made me so internationally famous. Was this nightmare my destiny – or was this nightmare of my own making?

François Rivière

ANDREAS



END

ARTICLES

Brian Bolland has always been an obscure vinyl connoisseur, so he's a perfect choice to illustrate Sounds & Shigaku's compilation of US hardcore, *Beautiful Happiness* (LP EFA-17308), adorning its sleeve with the proud owner of a 'Do-It-Yourself Francis Bacon Konstruktor Set'. Is thaata sick or whaaat?



'I have a theory about comics in Japan. At first we had what I call "comics as a snack". Children read books, but the occasional comic was okay. Then, as comics became less "vulgar" — in the eyes of parents, that is — the tide shifted towards "comics as a staple food". It became acceptable for children to have comics everyday, like rice or bread. And now we're in the age of "comics as air". Comics are everywhere, children "breathe" them from the day they are born, and it's up to adults to make sure our children are not being poisoned by polluted air.'

OSAMU TEZUKA, Japan's most influential comic artist, animator and film-maker, best known in the West for *Astro Boy*, died in Tokyo on February 9th 1989, aged sixty-two.

EDITED BY LOUISE TUCKER

The Six Major ALPH'ART Awards:

GRAND PRIX *René Pétillon*

A surprising but unanimous vote for comedy, recognising Pétillon's Mad-style detective, Jack Palmer.

BEST ALBUM *Marie Vérité*

By Yann & Le Gall (Dupuis): Brilliant Belgian duo rejuvenate the Tintin-Spirou heritage with added subtlety and irony, as Theodore Poussin voyages to tense occupied Borneo.

SPECIAL MENTION *Gens de France*

By Jean Teulé (Casterman): Detailed documentary snapshots of today's France by experimental photo-collagist — comics as sociology.

HUMOUR *Les Copains Plein de Pépini*

By Florence Cestac (Futuropolis): Whatever happened to Harry Mickson's Seventies college pals? Hilarious and embarrassing answers in a cartoony Bigfoot farce.

FOREIGN ALBUM *Watchmen*

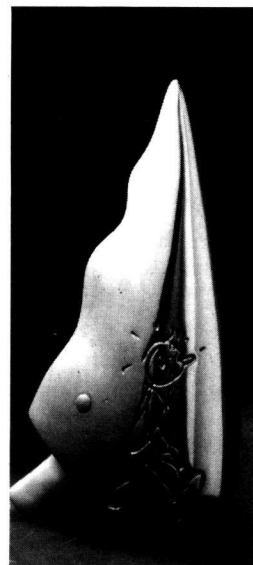
By Alan Moore & Dave Gibbons (Zenda): France belatedly tips its hat to superhero 'sophistication', issued in luxury hardbacks.

EDITORS' CHOICE *Le Journal d'Henriette*

By Dupuy & Berberian (Audie): In her secret diary, a misunderstood teenager records the stupidity of her parents and her own dreams and triumphs. Tender and timeless.

All of these books are available from La Page Bookshop, 01-589 5991

This January, the Angoulême Salon of Bande Dessinée— 'the Cannes of comics' — knew it had to prove itself. Galvanised by the departure of workaholic organiser Pierre Pascal and the setting up of a rival European Salon in Grenoble, a new team led by Stan Barets drummed up the best Festival in Angoulême's sixteen year history. Visitors could explore lavish exhibitions: of Druillet's baroque sci-fi; of Franquin's manic exuberant worlds of Spirou and Gaston, complete with startling sculptures; and of Hergé's original pages of Tintin, the largest selection ever displayed. As a further tribute to Tintin's Sixtieth birthday this year, the Salon's awards were renamed 'Alph'Arts', after the title of Hergé's last unfinished story. Also, a huge bronze head of Hergé, sculpted by his lifelong friend Tchang (as seen in *The Blue Lotus* and *Tintin in Tibet*) formed the centrepiece of the CNBDI or National Centre of International Comics. One of Mitterand's mammoth Presidential projects, the centre unveiled its impressive glass-fronted exhibition floors and will be fully open by next January's Salon. More than ever, Angoulême is France's indisputable city of comics culture.



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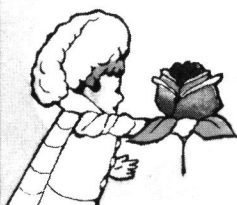
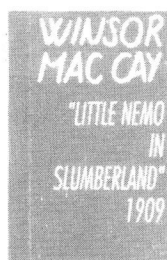
BRIAN BOLLAND
JOHN BOLTON
PARIS CULLINS
GLENN FABRY
DAVE GIBBONS
BRENDAN MCCARTHY
PETE MILLIGAN
TED MCKEEVER
BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH
and others!

MR. X™ & © VORTEX COMICS.

'I love my toys! But I'm not going to marry them!!' squeals geek genius Pee-wee Herman. Instead he co-habits with them, sharing his wacky TV romper-room with Pterri the pterodactyl, Conky the robot, Chairry the armchair, Jambi the genie and a family of teensy dinosaurs who live in a mouse hole. Inspired by America's great kiddie trash heritage, the Pee-wee's Playhouse cult has now come full circle with a whole range of 'Official Brand' toys from Matchbox USA. Pull his string and this lifelike 17 inch poseable Pee-wee says six of his favourite expressions - 'I know you are, but what am I?'. The whole cast also comes as smaller scale figures designed to fit into the Playhouse Playset. As we approach Third World Britain, we're yet to see a single episode of the TV show. (How about replacing tired Batman re-runs on Night Network with this kind of mania??) At least his Greatest Adventure film is out on video, as well as his Live in Concert tape from 1981 from Virgin (VVD 444).
'Ha-HA!'



Ten years ago last November, crazed cult-leader Jim Jones orchestrated the hideous massacre of his followers. Let us forget, the Death Cult Memorial Cards return to Jones-town in forty bubblegum cards by a crowd of 'Ugly Art' graphists - like Kaz, XNO, Pettibon, Roy Tompkins, and shown here the flipside puzzle by Gary Panter. Harnessed to a real-life horror story, their graphix become even more truly disturbing. The plastic-boxed set costs \$8-00 (\$10-00 from Europe) from: Carnage Press, Box 301, W. Somerville, MA 02194, USA.



Who better to kick off a new range of 'moving image' Flip-Books than the father of animation Winsor McCay and his earliest cartoon creations, Little Nemo and Flip? Before your very eyes, the best sequences from his 1909 film, two per book, come to life for a mere 20 francs each plus post from: Rackham Productions, 30 rue Jean Maridor, 75015 Paris, France. Ask for their catalogue, which includes a Flip Book by Moebius.

ON

James Sillavan & Peter Lydon's shrewdly observed strip 'Trousers', essential reading in *City Limits*, is on show at the Cartoon Gallery in Lamb's Conduit Street, London from April 6th to 15th to launch their first paperback collection.

Escape contributors Steven Appleby, Brian Bolland, Phil Elliott, Dave

McKean and Chris Reynolds are among the artists representing Britain at the first European Salon of Bande Dessinée in Grenoble from March 16th to 19th.

With comics becoming more and more politicised, *Stripped of Illusion* exhibits the current heavyweights with originals from Steve Bell,

Oscar Zarate, Bryan Talbot's *Luther Arkwright*, Pat Mills & Carlos Ezquerra's *Third World War*, Alan Moore & Bill Sienkiewicz's *Shadowplay* and the show's instigator Leo Baxendale, who launches his new self-published book *On Comedy: The Beano and Ideology*. It runs from March 30th to April 8th at Chesterfield

Market Hall, from April 11th to 21st at Derby's Co-Operative Central Suite, and at the Open Day on April 23rd at Shipley's American Adventure Theme Park. For details and dates in Manchester and Coventry, ring Paul Barry on 0629 732429.

A A T T I C L E S

NEIL
GAIMAN

GRANT
MORRISON

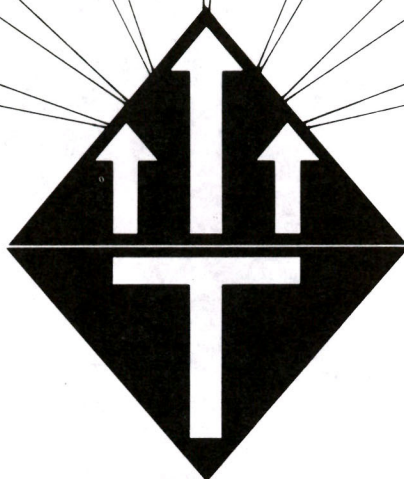
RICHARD
PIERS
RAYNER

EDDY
CAMPBELL

MIKE
COLLINS

SHANE
OAKLEY

DOMINIC
REGAN



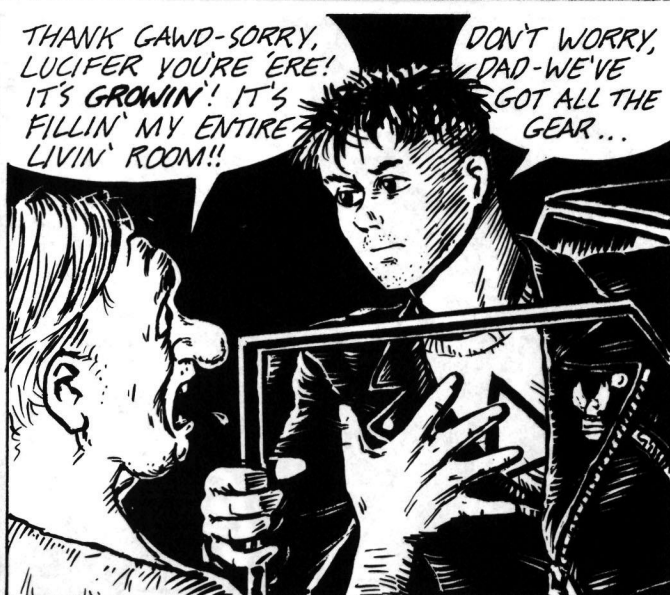
**TRIDENT
COMICS**

GAVIN BUTLER ANDREW ELLIOT PAUL GRIST
NIGEL KITCHING PETER MARTIN STEVE MARTIN
MARK MILLAR DANIEL VALLELY



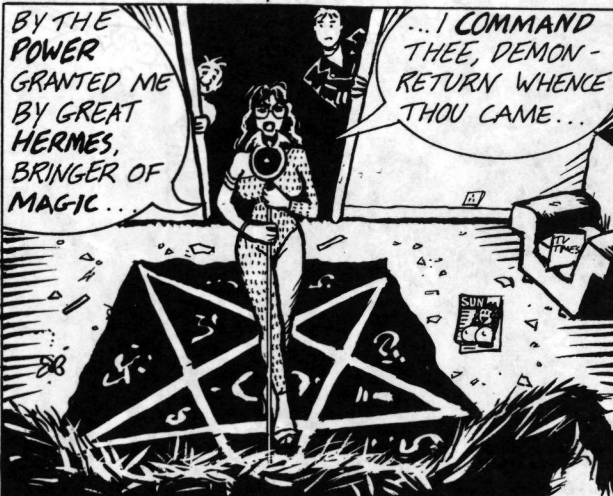
COMING THIS SPRING







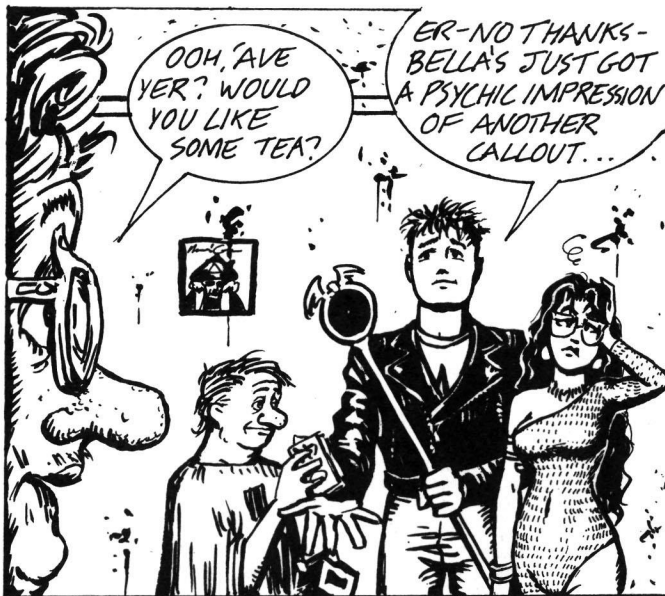
THE "EYE OF HERMES" IS A SORT OF OCCULT PEST SPRAY WHICH CAN BE ACTIVATED BY ANYONE WHO HAPPENS TO HAVE PSYCHIC TENDENCIES, WHICH IS WHY BELLA HAS TO USE IT RATHER THAN ME. ANYWAY, I'D LOOK SILLY.



BEHOLD THE POWER OF HERMES' FLAMING EYE...

... HE IS THE LIGHT FROM NOWHERE, THE FRIEND OF HUMANKIND...





Wild Haute Couture
Leather by Patrick
Whitaker & Keir
Malem

Illustrated by
Duncan Fegredo

Top Left:
Black Leather Jacket
with Silver Metal Reptile
Scales, around £600

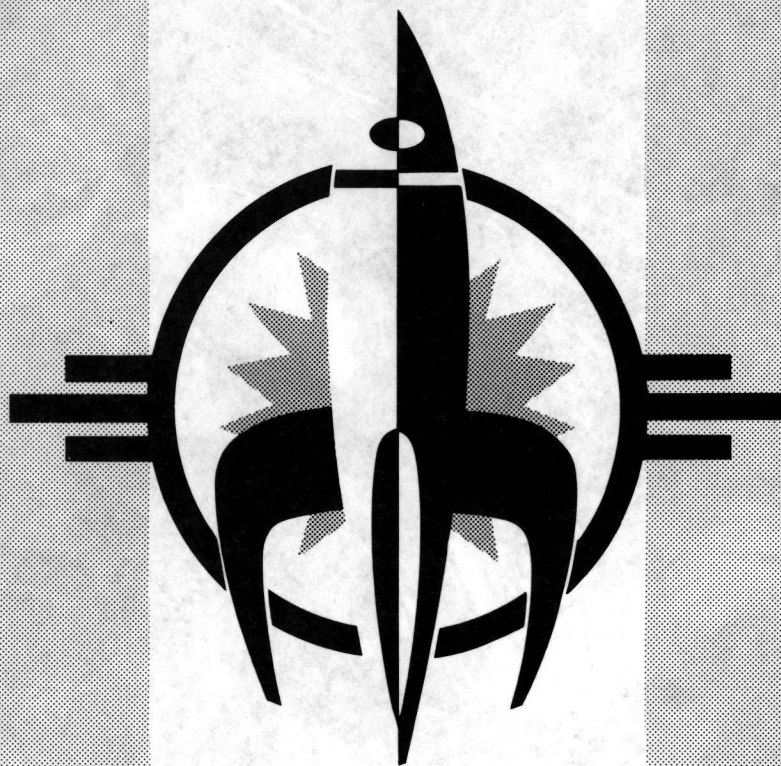
Bottom Left:
MG Medallion Jacket in
Black Leather: Made
exclusively for Matt
from Bros.

Top Right:
Moulded Gilded Leather
Corset with Woven
Panels, £350, available
now

Bottom Right:
Portcullis Biker Jacket
in Black Leather, around
£600

Leather Corset from: A
La Mode, 36 Hans
Crescent, London SW1
Portcullis or Reptile
Jackets, made to order
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Through a Glass Darkly

Her unique otherworldly images evoke some mysterious oil painting or an eerie *tableau vivant*. Holly Warburton's magic lantern photography achieves that elusive alchemy between commercial appeal and personal vision

Interview by Paul Gravett

HAVE YOU EVER wondered why a film poster can bear little resemblance to the film up on the screen? One case in point is the subtle atmospheric poster for Harvey Cokliss' *Dream Demon*. The ethereal photograph by **HOLLY** **WARBURTON** of an angelic figure emerging from a reclining woman promised a very different experience from another (admittedly innovative) 'special effects shocker'. Holly explains, 'They told me what image they wanted, and specifically asked for it in my style. I couldn't use the actresses from the film, so I used models who looked similar.' That commission shows how confident the film company were in the drawing power of her highly original imagery.

Her upcoming film project should be truer to the spirit of her work. Reunited with art director Nigel Wingrove of The Design Company, she has completed the poster promoting Frank LaLoggia's *The Lady In White*, a supernatural chiller set in New England on Halloween, 1962 due out here in June. 'For this one, I've created a ghost-like image of a woman with no eyes, by shooting her on a very

slow shutter speed, with her eyes moving from side to side.'

Her professional assignments have ranged from record sleeves for the likes of Danielle Dax to perfume promotions, from part of last summer's Aids campaign (those grainy photos in *The Face*, *i-D*, et al) to Safeway's new designer coffee beans. A relative newcomer to high-pressure commercialism, Holly Warburton has evolved her approach from a broad arts background, not solely photography. She studied Environmental Media at the Royal College of Art, a course sadly long since gone thanks to Government cut-backs. 'I made lots of slides and Super 8 films and projected them onto my paintings and sculptures to create installations.' After college, she exhibited these across Britain and Europe and soon attracted proposals for book and record covers. 'My photos were always on slide or film and were constantly moving or changing, as part of a sequence. It's only been in the last two years that I've been concentrating on producing single images.'

Perhaps her multi-media background has helped her develop a richer, more



THE SKELETAL WOMAN: A FASHION SHOOT FOR EXCEL MAGAZINE

textural approach, almost painting with photography. With only a modicum of tuition, she prefers learning for herself and creating her own techniques. 'I still project onto canvass or paint and then re-photograph, but I now work more in camera and in the printing process itself. I'm always exploring.' Strong influences include painters like Max Ernst, Gustave Moreau, Velázquez, for differing reasons - subject, lighting, texture - as well as writers like Baudelaire and Mervyn Peake.

Edgar Allan Poe is another fascination, shared with Neil Butler, founder of Brighton's notorious arts venue, The Zap Club. They devised an evening in the Purcell Room on London's South Bank inspired by Poe's *Tell-Tale Heart*. 'Neil originally asked me to do the poster for it, but because I produced so many images to choose from, he suggested including them as a tape-slide show.' Poe's glorious paranoia was revived in her sinister collages of a hypnotic eye and a clock pendulum dripping with a human heart.

As for personal goals, she would like to produce a book of her photos, linked with writings, possibly by various authors from the past or by a contemporary writer sympathetic with her images. But her greatest dream is opera. 'I love opera, classical or modern. Last night, I went to see Luciano Berio's *Un Re In Ascolto*. I'd love to design costumes, sets, lighting.'

So far, Holly has been lucky in combining her commercial and personal work, ideally getting the one to finance the other. In the maelstrom of ever-shifting fashions, she has not had to compromise her style to suit the market; the market has come to her.

Dream Demon is out now on video from Palace. *The Lady In White* is released in the UK from Virgin on June 16th.



THE NOW WELL KNOWN POSTER IMAGE FOR THE FILM DREAM DEMON



HOLLY WARBURTON - DRAMATIS PERSONA: 'I THINK GLENDA JACKSON WORE THIS ONE!'



AN ECTOPLASMIC MANIFESTATION OF SAVAGE PENCIL

ANDREAS, born in Düsseldorf, loves the solitude of Brittany. He is renowned in Europe for his *Rork* fantasies and his Lovcraftian *Cromwell Stone*, out in English from Deligne. 'The one thing I'm afraid of is heights - if I stand on a balcony and look up... brrrr!' **STEVEN APPLEBY** draws a new series for *Reckless In Shangrila* and hopes to produce a 'Captain Star' animated series with Pete Bishop of The Film Garage. **JOHN BAGNALL** has self-published the bumper *Hairy Hi-Fi 2* and is learning to drive, so he can burn rubber in his Archie hot-rod. **MARC BAINES** can't wait to eat again at Grandpa's, the Bleecker Street restaurant run by Al Lewis from *The Munsters*. **STEPHEN R. BISSETTE**'s pencils took *Swamp Thing* written by Alan Moore into hitherto unexplored territories of terror. Under his own imprint Spiderbaby Grafix, he publishes the horror comics anthology *Taboo*, and for Arcane Comix is adapting Clive Barker's 'Rawhead Rex'. **BRIAN BOLLAND** has been fêted in Paris on a signing tour around BD boutiques and is getting through sheaves of Kleenex reading Simon & Kirby romances. **TIM BUDDEN** would spend long nights as a youngster watching for badgers, and now paints, sculpts and silkscreens their subterranean world, whenever he's not working on sets for West End musicals or the Welsh National Opera. **RAMSEY CAMPBELL**, described by *Time Out* as 'easily the best horror writer working in Britain today', especially enjoys reading his stories to audiences. In *Taboo 3*, he collaborates with Michael Zulli on an adaptation of his story 'Again', his first work in comics. **LES COLEMAN** not only collects humorous art, including favourites McGill, 'Larry' and Bateman, but also creates his own. His latest project is a newspaper strip with Patrick Hughes entitled 'Yin and Yang'. **STEVE DITKO**, the most elusive figure in American comics, shuns all publicity, insisting his work should speak for him - work that encompasses mystery tales, superheros like *Spider-Man* and *Doctor Strange*, through to his recent controversial politics. **DUNCAN FEGREDO** graduated from Leeds Poly with an infamous illustrated version of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. He drew fill-in episodes of 'New Statesmen' in *Crisis* and will illustrate Grant Morrison's radical revamp of *Kid Eternity* for DC. **NEIL GAIMAN** has a burgeoning workload of writing chores, from *Sandman* and *Black Orchid* at DC to *Miracleman* for Eclipse. **ANDREW GLEW**, a short-story writer inspired by Einstein, Joyce and Erica, who collects him from strange stations at ungodly hours. **PAUL GRIST**'s



versatility extends from strips and covers for DC Thomson's *Nikki* weekly to the hellish humour of Eddie Campbell's *Lucifer*. **M.R. JAMES** (1862-1936), as a child, became passionately interested in medieval books and antiquities. He combined his work in classical archaeology at the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, with his writing of ghost stories (Penguin Books have published a complete collection). His tradition lives on through The Ghost Story Society, who issue a journal and organise meetings, ghost tours, etc. A year's sub costs £5 (£12 USA) to: J.A. Dempsey, 2 Looe Road, Croxteth, Liverpool L11 6LJ. **PHIL LASKEY**, man of few words, has these to say about teenage ghostbusters 'Phantasm Inc': 'They're the result of seeing the humour in necromancy and high magic, and my basic liking of gothic gloom.' **BOB LYNCH**, man of many words, served up strips for Brighton's *Spasm* and *Shrink* from Germany and is still in search of a cuddly 'Grenlin'. **SAVAGE PENCIL** covets Austin Spare and Montague Summers rarities and has been intensively grilled for an upcoming *Forced Exposure* special. **TREVS PHOENIX** taped an 'Andy Party' up at Grant Morrison's place in Glasgow for their joint project on Warhol. He's formed a new band called Vanity Records with Pete Griffin, ex-1,000 Mexicans. **ED PINSENT** is slaving over a mammoth 'Windy Wilberforce' serial for Harley Richardson's *Ugly Mug* while spinning Yma Sumac's 1972 comeback LP. **FRANÇOIS RIVIERE**, discreet Anglophile novelist and essayist, enjoys nothing better than a cup of Earl Grey out of his prized silver teapot, while he devises devilishly mysterious BD albums, notably for Floc'h and Berthet, and completes his exhaustive reference book on detective fiction. **CAROL SWAIN**, as well as drawing strips and illustrations, paints enormous enigmatic oils. She prefers Guinness, Ballard and Hüscher Du. **DAVE THORPE** writes for *Monochrome* and *Outlook* and scripted for *Aargh!* **LISA TUTTLE** has a novel, *Gabriel*, out from Sphere, and a collection of SF stories *A Spaceship Built of Stone* from The Women's Press. Her horror books, *Familiar Spirit* and *A Nest of Nightmares*, are out soon from Tor Books in the US. She's editing an anthology of horror stories by women writers to be published by The Women's Press in 1990. **BILL WATTERSON** took two minor characters from one of his earlier efforts - 'a small boy with a rampant imagination, and his stuffed-toy tiger. They were the two silliest characters in it and the ones I obviously had the most fun with' - and, three rejection slips later, *Calvin & Hobbes* found a home (and thousands of fans) in the funny pages. 'I finally learned this lesson: "Draw what comes most naturally to you."' **PATRICK WHITAKER** & **KEIR MALEM** chose Duncan Fegredo to preview their new 'Gothic-Sci Fi' collection of leather jackets, fusing meticulous craftsmanship with bizarre innovation. Clients have included bands like Westworld and Bros - Matt wore their jacket when he dropped his trousers! **SPENCER WOODCOCK** holidayed in the Canaries and journeyed to Lewis Island for his sister's 'five fishes' wedding. **IAN WRIGHT** illustrates for glossies like *Arena* and for Adrian Sherwood's On-U Sound record label, but he'd rather buy soul and reggae and read James Ellroy all day.

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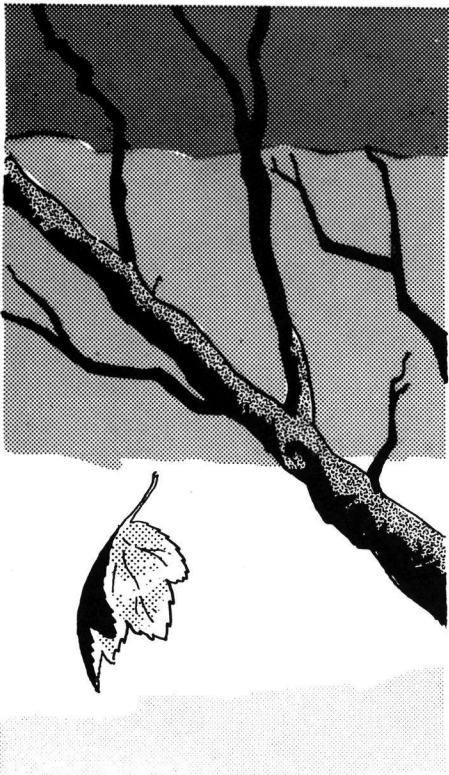
Andrew Glew Paul Grist

THE MIRROR

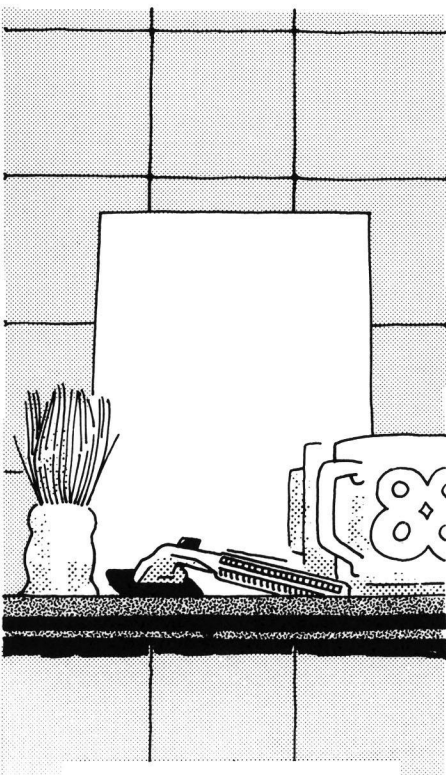
MY EARLIEST MEMORY ISN'T MINE AT ALL, BUT MY FATHER JACK'S.



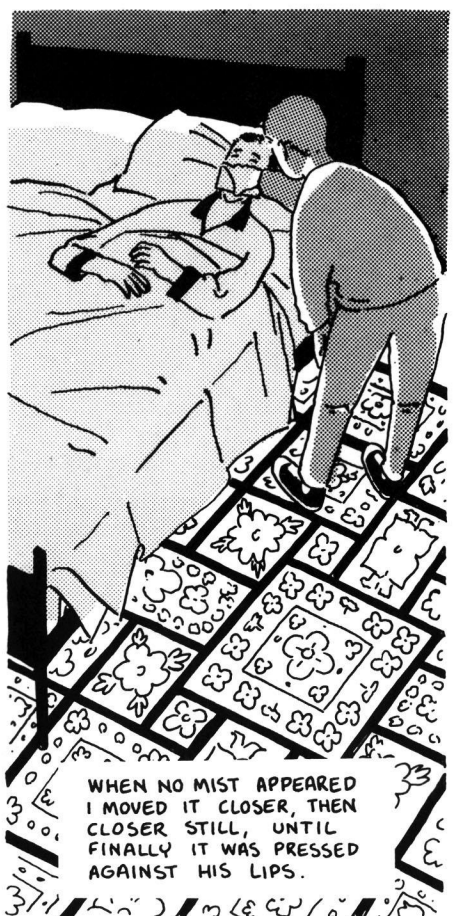
BORN AND BROUGHT UP IN THE VILLAGE, IT WAS ALSO WHERE HE DIED



IN A SLOW DELIRIUM, FROM CANCER WHICH HAD EATEN INTO HIS HEART AND LUNGS AND LIVER.



I HELD A MIRROR TO HIS MOUTH TO SEE IF HIS BREATH HAD STOPPED.



WHEN NO MIST APPEARED I MOVED IT CLOSER, THEN CLOSER STILL, UNTIL FINALLY IT WAS PRESSED AGAINST HIS LIPS.

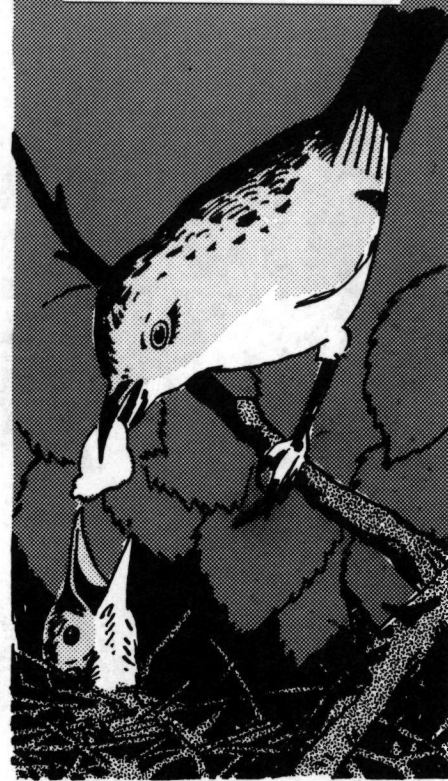
BUT THE MIRROR REMAINED
CLEAR. IT WAS THEN THAT
I 'BORROWED' THE MEMORY.



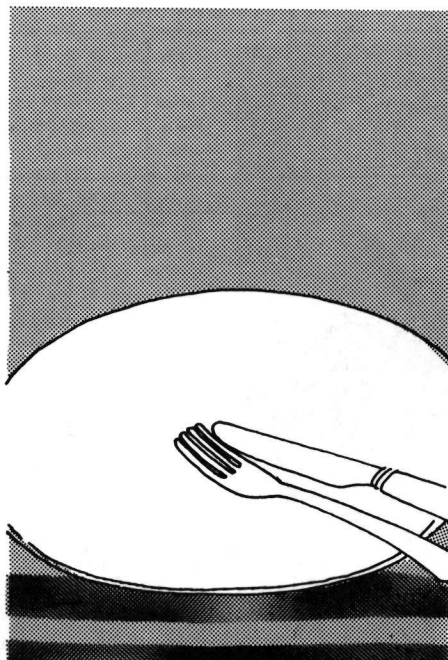
JACK WAS FOUR
YEARS OLD



FOR HIS BIRTHDAY HE
WAS GIVEN CHOCOLATE
AS A SPECIAL TREAT.



IN THE BEDROOM UPSTAIRS
HIS FATHER'S BODY LAY IN
AN OPEN COFFIN. HE HAD
DIED THE PREVIOUS NIGHT.



A FARMWORKER, HE HAD
OFTEN GONE WITHOUT
FOOD SO THAT HIS
CHILDREN DID NOT.



HE WAS THIRTY NINE AND
ULCERS HAD EATEN AWAY A
LARGE PART OF HIS STOMACH.



DOWNSTAIRS, THE FAMILY
GATHERED TO VIEW THE
BODY.



AFTER A WHILE SOMEONE
NOTICED JACK WAS MISSING.



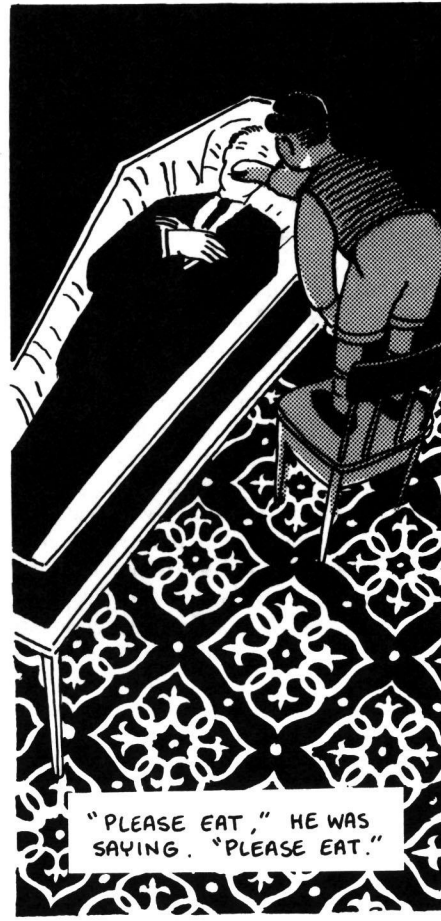
THEY LOOKED FOR HIM
OUTSIDE, THEY CALLED FOR
HIM, BUT HE DIDN'T COME.



IN THE END IT WAS MY
AUNT WHO FOUND HIM
IN THE BEDROOM.



HE HAD UNWRAPPED HIS
CHOCOLATE AND WAS TRYING
TO PUT A PIECE IN HIS
FATHER'S MOUTH.



"PLEASE EAT," HE WAS
SAYING. "PLEASE EAT."

END

The Ash-Tree

BY M.R. JAMES

ILLUSTRATED BY SAVAGE PENCIL & EDWARD PINSENT



EVERYONE WHO HAS TRAVELLED over Eastern England knows the smaller country-houses with which it is studded – the rather dank little buildings, usually in the Italian style, surrounded with parks of some eighty to a hundred acres. For me they have always had a very strong attraction: with the grey paling of split oak, the noble trees, the meres with their reed-beds, stuck on to a red-brick Queen Anne house which has been faced with stucco to bring it into line with the 'Grecian' taste of the end of the eighteenth century; the hall inside, going up to the roof, which hall ought always to be provided with a gallery and a small organ. I like the library, too, where you may find anything from a Psalter of the thirteenth century to a Shakespeare quarto. I like the pictures, of course; and perhaps most of all I like fancying what life in such a house was when it was first built, and in the piping times of landlords' prosperity, and not least now, when, if money is not so plentiful, taste is more varied and life quite as interesting. I wish to have one of these houses, and enough money to keep it together and entertain my friends in it modestly.

But this is digression. I have to tell you of a curious series of events which happened in such a house as I have tried to describe. It is Castringham Hall in Suffolk. I think a good deal has been done to the building since the period of my story, but the essential features I have sketched are still there – Italian portico, square block of white house, older inside than out, park with fringe of woods, and mere. The one feature that marked out the house from a score of others is gone. As you looked at it from the park, you saw on the right a great old ash-tree growing within half a dozen yards of the wall, and almost or quite touching the building with its branches. I suppose it had stood there ever since Castringham ceased to be a fortified place, and since the moat was filled in and the Elizabethan dwelling-house built. At any rate, it had wellnigh attained its full dimensions in the year 1690.

In that year the district in which the Hall is situated was the scene of a number of witch-trials. It will be long, I think before we arrive at a just estimate of the amount of solid reason – if there was any – which lay at the root of the universal fear of witches in old times. Whether the persons accused of this offence really did imagine that they were possessed of unusual powers of any kind; or whether they had the will at least, if not the power, of doing mischief to their neighbours; or whether all the confusions, of which there are so many, were extorted by the mere cruelty of the witch-finders – these are questions which are not, I fancy, yet solved. And the present narrative gives me pause. I cannot altogether sweep it away as mere invention. The reader must judge for himself.

Castringham contributed a victim to the *auto-da-fé*. Mrs Mothersole was her name, and she differed from the ordinary run of village witches only in being rather better off and in a more influential position. Efforts were made to save her by several reputable farmers of the parish. They did their best to testify to her character, and showed considerable anxiety as to the verdict of the jury.

But what seems to have been fatal to the woman was the evidence of the then proprietor of Castringham Hall – Sir Matthew Fell. He deposed to having watched her on three different occasions from his window, at the full of the moon, gathering sprigs 'from the ash-tree near my house' she had climbed into the branches, clad only in her shift, and was cutting off small twigs with a peculiarly curved knife, and as she did so she seemed to be talking to herself. On each occasion Sir Matthew had done his best to capture the woman, but she had always taken alarm at some accidental noise he had made, and all he could see when he got down to the garden was a hare running across the park in the direction of the village.

On the third night he had been at the pains to follow at his best speed, and had gone straight to Mrs Mothersole's house; but he had to wait a quarter of an hour battering at her door, and then she had come out very cross and apparently



... YOU SAW ON THE RIGHT A GREAT OLD ASH-TREE ...

very sleepy, as if just out of bed; and he had no good explanation to offer of his visit.

Mainly on this evidence, though there was much more of a less striking and unusual kind from other parishioners, Mrs Mothersole was found guilty and condemned to die. She was hanged a week after the trial, with five or six more unhappy creatures, at Bury St Edmunds.

Sir Matthew Fell, then Deputy-Sheriff, was present at the execution. It was a damp drizzly March morning when the cart made its way up the rough grass hill outside Northgate, where the gallows stood. The other victims were apathetic or broken down with misery; but Mrs Mothersole was, as in life so in death, of a very different temper. Her 'poysonous Rage', as a reporter of the time puts it, 'did so work upon the Bystanders — yea, even upon the Hangman — that it was constantly affirmed of all that saw her that she presented the living Aspect of a mad Divell. Yet she offer'd no Resistance to the Officers of the Law; onely she looked upon those that laid Hands upon her with so direfull and venomous an Aspect that — as one of them afterwards assured me — the meer Thought of it preyed inwardly upon his mind for six Months after.'

However, all that she is reported to have said was the seemingly meaningless words: 'There will be guests at the Hall.' Which she repeated more than once in an undertone.

Sir Matthew Fell was not unimpressed by the bearing of the woman. He had some talk upon the matter with the Vicar

of the parish, with whom he travelled home after the assize business was over. His evidence at the trial had not been very willingly given; he was not specially infected with the witch-finding mania, but he declared, then and afterwards, that he could not give any other account of the matter than that he had given, and that he could not possibly have been mistaken as to what he saw. The whole transaction had been repugnant to him, for he was a man who liked to be on pleasant terms with



... SHE PRESENTED THE LIVING ASPECT OF A MAD DIVELL.

those about him; but he saw a duty to be done in this business, and he had done it. That seems to have been the gist of his sentiments, and the Vicar applauded it, as any reasonable man must have done.

A few weeks after, when the moon of May was at the full, Vicar and Squire met again in the park, and walked to the Hall together. Lady Fell was with her mother, who was dangerously ill, and Sir Matthew was alone at home; so the Vicar, Mr-Crome, was easily persuaded to take a late supper at the Hall.

Sir Matthew was not very good company this evening. The talk ran chiefly on family and parish matters, and, as luck would have it, Sir Matthew made a memorandum in writing of certain wishes or intentions of his regarding his estates, which afterwards proved exceedingly useful.

When Mr Crome thought of starting for home, about half-past nine o'clock, Sir Matthew and he took a preliminary turn on the gravelled walk at the back of the house. The only incident that struck Mr Crome was this: they were in sight of the ash-tree which I described as growing near the windows of the building, when Sir Matthew stopped and said:

'What is that that runs up and down the stem of the ash? It is never a squirrel? They will all be in their nests by now.'

The Vicar looked and saw the moving creature, but he could make nothing of its colour in the moonlight. The sharp outline, however, seen for an instant, was imprinted on his brain, and he could have sworn, he said, though it sounded foolish, that, squirrel or not it had more than four legs.

Still, not much was to be made of the momentary vision, and the two men parted. They may have met since then, but it was not for a score of years.

Next day Sir Matthew Fell was not downstairs at six in the morning, as was his custom, nor at seven, nor at eight. Hereupon the servants went and knocked at his chamber door. I need not prolong the description of their anxious listenings and renewed batterings on the panels. The door was opened at last from the outside, and they found their master dead and black. So much you have guessed. That there were any marks of violence did not at the moment appear; but the window was open.

One of the men went to fetch the parson, and then by his directions rode on to give notice to the coroner. Mr Crome himself went as quick as he might to the Hall, and was shown to the room where the dead man lay. He has left some notes among his papers which show how genuine a respect and sorrow was felt for Sir Matthew, and there is also this passage, which I transcribe for the sake of the light it throws upon the course of events, and also upon the common beliefs of the time:

'There was not any the least Trace of an Entrance having been forc'd to the Chamber: but the Casement stood open, as my poor Friend would always have it in this Season. He had his

Evening Drink of small Ale in a silver vessel of about a pint measure, and tonight had not drunk it out. This Drink was examined by the Physician from Bury, a Mr Hodgkins, who could not, however, as he afterwards declar'd upon his Oath, before the Coroner's quest, discover that any matter of a venomous kind was present in it. For, as was natural, in the great Swelling and Blackness of the Corpse, there was talk made among the Neighbours of Poyson. The Body was very much Disorder'd as it laid in the Bed, being twisted after so extream a sort as gave too probable Conjecture that my worthy Friend

and Patron had expir'd in great Pain and Agony. And what is as yet unexplain'd, and to myself the Argument of some Horrid and Artfull Designe in the Perpetrators of this Barbarous Murther, was this, that the Women which were entrusted with the laying-out of the Corpse and washing it, being both sad Persons and very well respected to their Mournful Profession, came to me in a great Pain and Distress both of Mind and Body, saying, what was indeed confirmed upon the first View, that they had no sooner touch'd the Breast of the Corpse with their naked Hands than they were sensible of a more than ordinary violent

Smart and Acheing in their Palms, which, with their whole Forearms, in no long time swell'd so immoderately, the Pain still continuing, that, as afterwards proved, during many weeks they were forc'd to lay by the exercise of their Calling; and yet no mark seen on the Skin.

'Upon hearing this, I sent for the Physician, who was still in the House, and we made carefull a Proof as we were able by the Help of a small Magnifying Lens of Crystal of the condition of the Skinn on this Part of the body: but could not detect with the Instrument we had any Matter of Importance beyond a couple of small Punctures or Pricks, which we then concluded were the Spotts by which the Poyson might be introduced, remembering that Ring of *Pope Borgia*, with other known Specimens of the Horrid Art of the Italian Poysoners of the last age.

'So much is to be said of the Symptoms seen on the Corpse. As to what I am to add, it is merely my own Experiment, and to be left to Posterity to judge whether there be anything of Value therein. There was on the Table by the Beddside a Bible of the small size, in which my Friend — punctuall as in Matters of less Moment, so in this more weighty one — used nightly, and upon his First Rising, to read a sett Portion. And I taking it up — not without a tear duly paid him which from the Study of this poorer Adumbration was now passed to the contemplation of its great Originall — it came into my Thoughts, as such moments of Helplessness we are prone to catch at any the least Glimmer that makes promise of Light, to make trial of that old and by many accounted Superstitious Practice of drawing the *Sortes*: of which a Principall Instance, in the case of his late Sacred Majesty the blessed Martyr King *Charles* and my Lord *Falkland*, was now muched talked of. I must needs admit that by my Trial not much Assistance was afforded me: yet, as the



... IN THE GREAT SWELLING AND BLACKNESS OF THE CORPSE, ...

Cause and Origin of these Dreadful Events may hereafter be search'd out, I set down the results, in the case it may be found that they pointed the true Quarter of the Mischief to a quicker Intelligence than my own.

'I made, then, three trials, opening the Book and placing my Finger upon certain Words: which gave in the first these words, from Luke xiii 7, *Cut it down*; in the second, Isaiah xiii 20, *It shall never be inhabited*; and upon the third Experiment, Job xxxix 30, *Her young ones also suck up blood*.'

This is all that need be quoted from Mr Crome's papers. Sir Matthew Fell was duly coffined and laid into the earth, and his funeral sermon, preached by Mr Crome on the following Sunday, has been printed under the title of 'The Unsearchable Way; or, England's Danger and the Malicious Dealings of Anti-christ', it being the Vicar's view, as well as that most commonly held in the neighbourhood, that the Squire was the victim of a recrudescence of the Popish Plot.

His son, Sir Matthew the second, succeeded to the title and estates. And so ends the first act of the Castringham tragedy. It is to be mentioned, though the fact is not surprising, that the new Baronet did not occupy the room in which his father had died. Nor, indeed, was it slept in by anyone but an occasional visitor during the whole of his occupation. He died in 1735, and I do not find that anything particular marked his reign, save a curiously constant mortality among his cattle and livestock in general, which showed a tendency to increase slightly as time went on.

Those who are interested in the details will find a statistical account in a letter to the *Gentleman's Magazine* 1772, which draws the facts from the Baronet's own papers. He put an end to it at last by a very simple expedient that of shutting up all his beasts in sheds at night, and keeping no sheep in his park. For he had noticed that nothing was ever attacked that spent the night indoors. After that the disorder confined itself to wild birds, and beasts of chase. But as we have no good account of the symptoms, and as all-night watching was unproductive of any clue, I do not dwell on what the Suffolk farmers call 'Castringham sickness'.

The second Sir Matthew Fell died in 1735, as I said, and was duly succeeded by his son, Sir Richard. It was in his time that the great family pew was built out on the north side of the parish church. So large were the Squire's ideas that several of the graves on that unhalloved side of the building had to be disturbed to satisfy his requirements. Among them was that of Mrs Mothersole, the position of which was accurately known, thanks to a note on a plan of the church and yard, both made by Mr Crome.

A certain amount of interest was excited in the village when it was known that the famous witch, who was still remembered by a few, was to be exhumed. And the feeling of surprise, and indeed disquiet, was very strong when it was found that, though her coffin was fairly sound and unbroken, there

was no trace whatever inside it of body, bones, or dust. Indeed, it is a curious phenomenon, for at the time of her burying no such things were dreamt of as resurrection-men, and it is difficult to conceive any rational motive for stealing a body otherwise than for the uses of the dissecting-room.

The incident revived for a time all the stories of witch-trials and of the exploits of the witches, dormant for forty years, and Sir Richard's orders that the coffin should be burnt were thought by a good many to be rather foolhardy, though they were duly carried out.

Sir Richard was a pestilent innovator, it is certain. Before his time the Hall had been a fine block of the mellowest red brick; but Sir Richard had travelled in Italy and become infected with the Italian taste, and, having more money than his predecessors, he determined to leave an Italian palace where he had found an English house. So stucco and ashlar masked the brick; some indifferent Roman marbles were planted about the entrance-hall and gardens; a reproduction of the Sybil's temple at Tivoli was erected on the opposite bank of the mere; and Castringham took on an entirely new, and, I must say a less engaging aspect. But it was much admired, and served as a model to a good many of the neighbouring gentry in after years.

One morning (it was in 1754) Sir Richard woke after a night of discomfort. It had been windy, and his chimney had smoked persistently, and yet it was so cold that he must keep up a fire. Also something had so rattled about the window that no man could get a moment's peace. Further, there was the prospect of guests of position arriving in the course of the day, who would expect sport of some kind, and the inroads of the distemper (which continued among his game) had been lately so serious that he was afraid for his reputation as a game-preserver. But what really touched him more nearly was the other matter of his sleepless night. He could certainly not sleep in that room again.

That was the chief subject of his meditations at breakfast, and after it he began a systematic examination of the rooms to see which would suit his notions best. It was long before he found one. This had a window with an eastern aspect and that with a northern; this door the servants would be always passing, and he did not like the

bedstead in that. No, he must have a room with a western look-out, so that the sun could wake him early, and it must be out of the way of the business of the house. The housekeeper was at the end of her resources.

'Well, Sir Richard,' she said, 'you know that there is but one room like that in the house.'

'Which may that be?' said Sir Richard.

'And that is Sir Matthew's — the West Chamber.'

'Well, put me in there, for there I'll lie tonight,' said her master. 'Which way is it? Here, to be sure'; and he hurried off.



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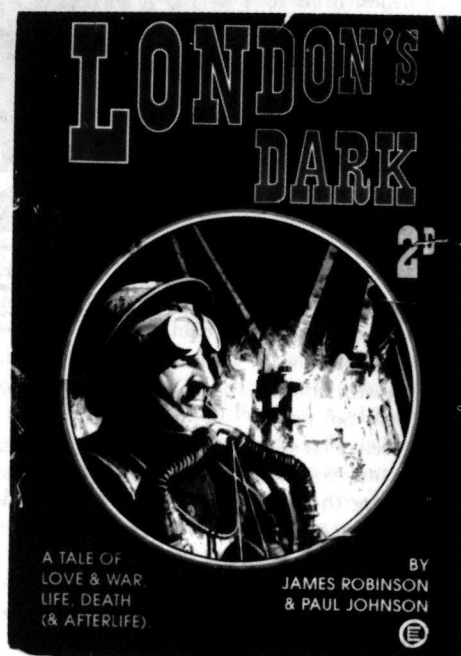
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'Oh, Sir Richard, but no one has slept there these forty years. The air has hardly been changed since Sir Matthew died there.'

Thus she spoke, and rustled after him.

'Come, open the door, Mrs Chiddock. I'll see the chamber, at least.'

So it was opened, and indeed, the smell was very close and earthy. Sir Richard crossed to the window, and impatiently, as was his wont, threw the shutters back, and flung open the casement. For this end of the house was one which the alterations had barely touched, grown up as it was with the great ash-tree, and being otherwise concealed from view.

'Air it, Mrs Chiddock, all today, and move my bed-furniture in in the afternoon. Put the Bishop of Kilmore in my old room.'

'Pray, Sir Richard,' said a new voice, breaking in on this speech, 'might I have the favour of a moment's interview?'

Sir Richard turned around and saw a man in black in the doorway, who bowed.

'I must ask your indulgence for this intrusion, Sir Richard. You will, perhaps, hardly remember me. My name is William Crome, and my grand father was Vicar here in your grandfather's time.'

'Well, sir,' said Sir Richard, 'the name of Crome is always a passport to Castringham. I am glad to renew a friendship of two generations' standing. In what can I serve you? for your hour of calling — and, if I do not mistake you, your bearing — shows you to be in some haste.'

'That is no more than the truth, sir. I am riding from Norwich to Bury St Edmunds with what haste I can make, and I have called in on my way to leave with you some papers which we have but just come upon in looking over what my grandfather left at his death. It is thought you may find some matters of family interest in them.'

'You are mighty obliging, Mr Crome, and, if you will be so good as to follow me to the parlour, and drink a glass of wine, we will take a first look at these same papers together. And you, Mrs Chiddock, as I said, be about airing this chamber ... Yes, it is here my grandfather died ... Yes, the tree, perhaps, does make the place a little dampish ... No; I do not wish to listen to any more. Make no difficulties, I beg. You have your orders — go. Will you follow me, sir?'

They went into the study. The packet which young Mr Crome had brought — he was then just become a Fellow of Clare Hall in Cambridge, I may say, and subsequently brought out a respectable edition of Polyænus — contained among



... MORE TERRIBLE BODIES LIKE THIS BEGAN TO BREAK OUT FROM THE TRUNK ...

other things the notes which the old Vicar had made upon the occasion of Sir Matthew Fell's death. And for the first time Sir Richard was confronted with the enigmatical *Sortes Biblicae* which you have heard. They amused him a good deal.

'Well,' he said, 'my grandfather's Bible gave one prudent piece of advice — *Cut it down*. If that stands for the ash-tree, he may rest assured I shall not neglect it. Such a nest of catarrhs and agues was never seen.'

The parlour contained the family books, which, pending the arrival of a collection which Sir Richard had made in Italy, and the building of a proper room to receive them were not many in number.

Sir Richard looked up from the paper to the book-case.

'I wonder,' says he, 'whether the old prophet is there yet? I fancy I see him.'

Crossing the room he took out a dumpy Bible, which, sure enough, bore on the flyleaf the inscription: 'To Matthew Fell, from his Loving Godmother, Anne Aldous, 2 September 1659.'

'It would be no bad plan to test him again, Mr Crome. I will wager we get a couple of names in the Chronicles. H'm! what have we here? "Thou shall seek him in the morning, and I shall not be." Well, well! Your grandfather would have made a fine omen of that, hey? No more prophets for me! They are all in a tale. And now, Mr Crome, I am infinitely obliged to you for your packet. You will, I fear, be impatient to get on. Pray allow me — another glass.'

So with offers of hospitality, which were genuinely meant (for Sir Richard thought well of the young man's address and manner), they parted.

In the afternoon came the guests — the Bishop of Kilmore, Lady Mary Hervey, Sir William Kentfield, etc. Dinner at five, wine, cards, supper, and dispersal to bed.

Next morning Sir Richard is disinclined to take his gun with the rest. He talks with the Bishop of Kilmore. This prelate, unlike a good many of the Irish Bishops of his day, had visited his see, and, indeed, resided there for some considerable time. This morning, as the two were walking along the terrace and talking over the alterations and improvements in the house, the Bishop said, pointing to the window of the West room:

'You could never get my Irish flock to occupy that room, Sir Richard.'

Why is that, my lord? It is, in fact, my own.'

'Well, our Irish peasantry will always have it that it brings the worst of luck to sleep near an ash-tree, and you have a fine growth of ash not two yards from your chamber window.'

Perhaps,' the Bishop went on, with a smile, 'it has given you a touch of its quality already, for you do not seem, if I may say it, so much the fresher for your night's rest as your friends would like to see you.'

'That, or something else, it is true, cost me my sleep from twelve till four, my lord. But the tree is to come down tomorrow, so I shall not hear much more from it.'

'I applaud your determination. It can hardly be wholesome to have the air you breathe strained, as it were, through all that leafage.'

'Your lordship is right there, I think. But I had not my window open last night. It was rather the noise that went on — no doubt from the twigs sweeping the glass — that kept me open-eyed.'

'I think that can hardly be, Sir Richard. Here — you see it from this point. None of these nearest branches even can touch your casement unless there were a gale, and there was none of that last night. They miss the panes by a foot.'

'No, sir, true. What, then, will it be, I wonder, that scratched and rustled so — ay, and covered the dust on my sill with lines and marks?'

At last they agreed that the ruts must have come up through the ivy. That was the Bishop's idea, and Sir Richard jumped at it.

So the day passed quietly, and night came, and the party dispersed to their rooms, and wished Sir Richard a better night.

And now we are in his bedroom with the light out and the Squire in bed. The room is over the kitchen, and the night outside still and warm, so the window stands open.

There is very little light about the bedstead, but there is a strange movement there; it seems as if Sir Richard were moving his head rapidly to and fro with only the slightest possible sound. And now you would guess, so deceptive is the half-darkness, that he had several heads, round and brownish which move back and forward, even as low as his chest. It is a horrible illusion. Is it nothing more? There! something drops off the bed with a soft plump like a kitten, and is out of the window in a flash; another — four — and after there is quiet again.

'Thou shalt seek me in the morning, and I shall not be.'

As with Sir Matthew so with Sir Richard — dead and black in bed!

A pale and silent party of guests and servants gathered under the window when the news was known. Italian poisoners, Popish emissaries, infected air — all these and more guesses were hazarded, and the Bishop of Kilmore looked at the tree, in the fork of whose lower boughs a small white tom-cat was crouching, looking down the hollow which years had gnawed in the trunk. It was watching something inside the tree with great interest.

Suddenly it got up and craned over the hole. Then a bit of the edge on which it stood gave way, and it went slithering in. Everyone looked up at the noise of the fall.

It is known to most of us that a cat can cry; but few of us heard, I hope, such a yell as came out of the trunk of the great ash. Two or three screams there were — the witnesses are not sure which — and then a slight and muffled noise of some commotion or struggling was all that came. But Lady Hervey fainted outright, and the housekeeper stopped her ears and fled till she fell on the terrace.

The Bishop of Kilmore and Sir William Kentfield stayed.

Yet even they were daunted, though it was only at the cry of a cat; and Sir William swallowed once or twice before he could say:

'There is something more than we know of in that tree, my lord. I am for an instant search.'

And this was agreed upon. A ladder was brought, and one of the gardeners went up, and, looking down the hollow could detect nothing but a few dim indications of something moving. They got a lantern, and let it down by a rope.

'We must get at the bottom of this. My life upon it, my lord, but the secret of these terrible deaths is there.'

Up went the gardener again with the lantern, and let it down the hole cautiously. They saw the yellow light upon his face as he bent over, and saw his face struck with incredulous terror and loathing before he cried out in a dreadful voice and fell back from the ladder — where, happily, he was caught by two of the men — letting the lantern fall inside the tree.

He was in a dead faint, and it was some time before any word could be got from him.

By then they had something else to look at. The lantern must have broken at the bottom, and the light in it caught upon dry leaves and rubbish that lay there, for in a few minutes a dense smoke began to come up, and then flame; and, to be short, the tree was in a blaze.

The bystanders made a ring at some yards distance and Sir William and the Bishop sent men to get what weapons and tools they could; for, clearly, whatever might be using the tree as its lair would be forced out by the fire.

So it was. First, at the fork, they saw a round body covered with fire — the size of a man's head — appear very suddenly, then seem to collapse and fall back. This, five or six times; then a similar ball leapt into the air and fell on the grass, where after a moment it lay still. The Bishop went as near as he dared to it, and saw — what but the remains of an enormous spider, veinous and seared! And, as the fire burned lower down, more terrible bodies like this began to break out from the trunk and it was seen that these were covered with greyish hair.

All that day the ash burned, and until it fell to pieces the men stood about it, and from time to time killed the brutes as they darted out. At last there was a long interval when none appeared and they cautiously closed in and examined the roots of the tree.

'They found,' says the Bishop of Kilmore, 'below it a rounded hollow place in the earth, wherein were two or three bodies of these creatures that had plainly been smothered by the smoke; and, what is to me more curious, at the side of this den, against the wall, was crouching the anatomy or skeleton of a human being, with the skin dried upon the bones, having some remains of black hair, which was pronounced by those that examined it to be undoubtedly the body of a woman, and clearly dead for a period of fifty years.'

The End



HAVE A NICE DAY

AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY IN CHINESE TURKESTAN A VISITOR TO THE TOWN OF URUMQI COULD OFTEN SEE IN USE A CUNNINGLY DESIGNED CAGE-LIKE DEVICE CALLED A KAPAS.

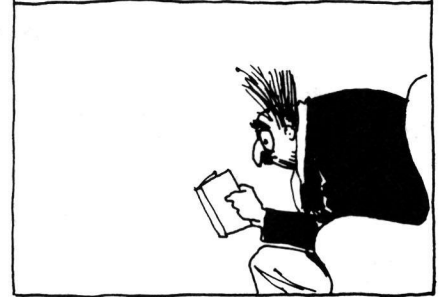
THE VICTIM OF THIS PARTICULARLY CRUEL FORM OF EXECUTION WOULD BE INCARCERATED INSIDE THE CAGE, HIS HEAD STICKING OUT OF THE TOP, AND FIRMLY SECURED BY THE NECK. HIS FEET WOULD REST ON A WOODEN BOARD.



EACH DAY THE BOARD WOULD BE SLIGHTLY LOWERED SO THAT THE VICTIM HAD TO STAND ON TIP TOE TO RELIEVE THE STRAIN ON HIS THROAT. BY THE SEVENTH OR EIGHTH DAY, NO LONGER ABLE TO REACH THE BOARD, THE VICTIM'S NECK WOULD BREAK.

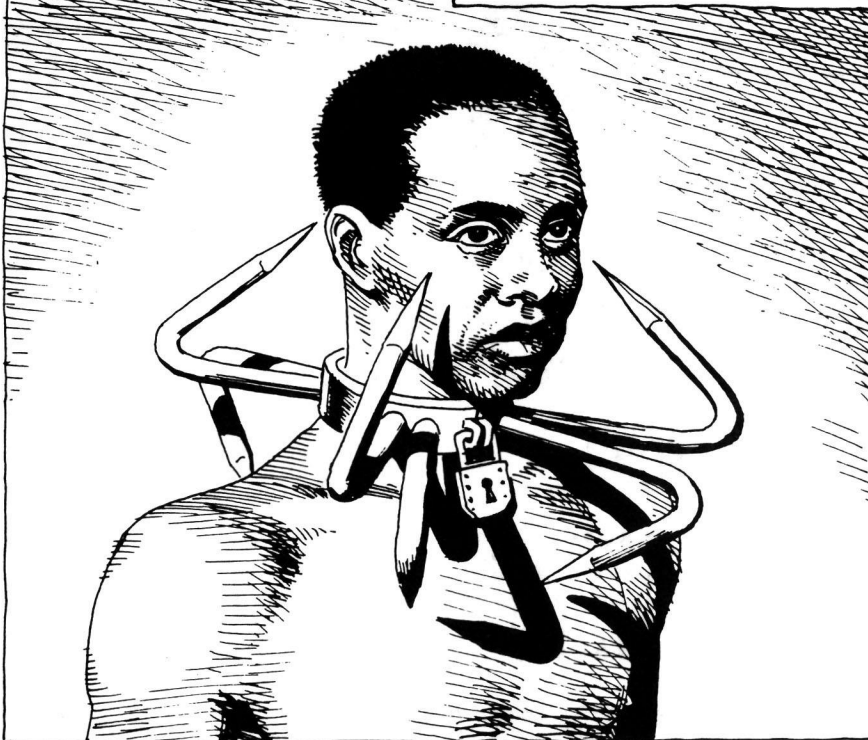


THE KAPAS WOULD ALWAYS BE SURROUNDED BY VENDORS WHOSE CUSTOM WAS INCREASED BY THOSE WHO CAME TO HEAR THE GROANS AND SEE THE PROLONGED AGONY OF THE CONDEMNED MAN.

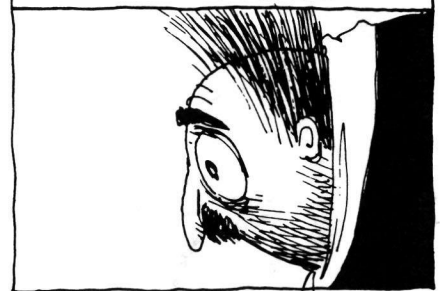


IN AMERICA DURING THE TIME OF SLAVERY A MAN COULD BE PUNISHED BY BEING MADE TO WEAR A SPIKED METAL COLLAR.

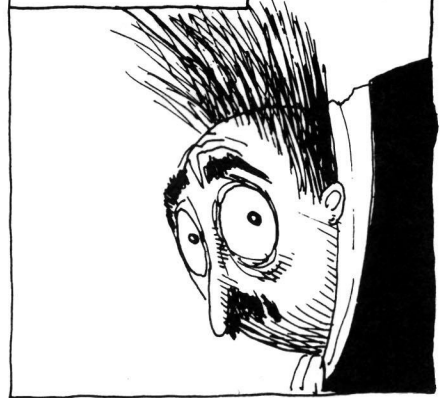
OF THE EIGHT LONG SPIKES RADIATING FROM THE COLLAR FOUR POINTED DOWNWARDS AND FOUR UPWARDS, AND EACH CURVED BACK TOWARDS THE WEARER STOPPING ONLY INCHES AWAY FROM HIS BODY.



AS LONG AS HE WORE THIS DEVICE THE VICTIM COULD NOT SLEEP AND, EXHAUSTED AS HE MAY BE, COULD NOT RELAX HIS HEAD OR THE SPIKES WOULD EMBED THEMSELVES IN HIS CHEST OR FACE ETC.



HAVE A NICE DAY.



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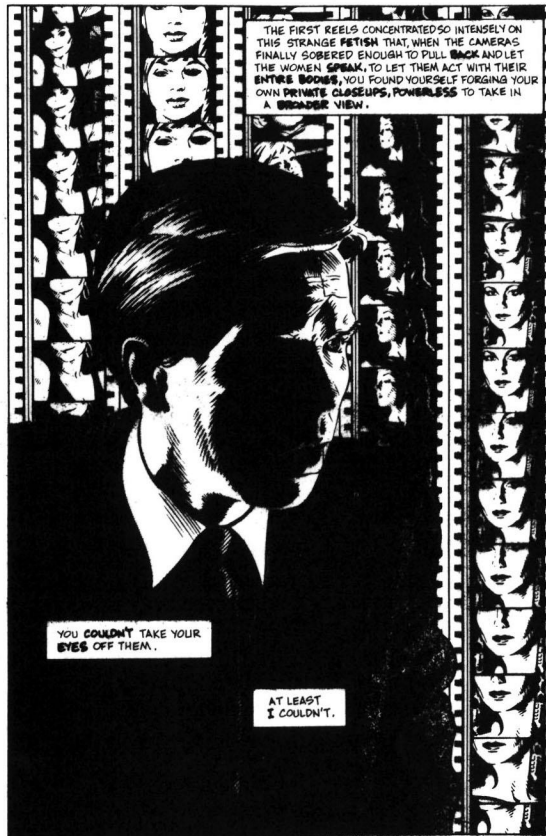
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HOLY AND UNCLEAN

TABOO

Various



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really daring, get ahold of the unexpurgated edition of *Taboo's* second issue and feast your eyes on two genuinely taboo drawings, one by S. Clay Wilson, one by Cara Sherman-Tereno.

What is it? Hint: an erect penis. Oops, that wasn't a hint – that was it! Oh, the horror! The horror!

–Lisa Tuttle

SpiderBaby Grafix \$9.95 – £6.50 Import 224pp SB. ★★★★★

FLY IN MY EYE

Various Artists

THE HORROR COMIC RISES AGAIN from the grave. Originally thought buried forever by Dr Wertham during the comics witch hunt of the Fifties, the genre refuses to lie down and moulder away. When the underground movement opened its veins in the late Sixties, the horror comic was slapped back to life in such series as Greg Irons' *Skull* and Rory Hayes' magnificently spooky *Bogeyman Comics*. These titles, as wonderful as they were, preferred to look back in nostalgia at the martyrdom of the horror comic; they identified with both the spirit and the corpse, for which such institutions as EC Comics stood their ground.

In the late Eighties, the horror comic has tried to push itself upmarket and into the graphic novel format. Both *Taboo* and now Arcane's *Fly In My Eye* are large trade paperback collections with a jellied eye



INSIDE CLIVE BARKER'S BRAIN

squared firmly on the type of punter who craves for the further adventures of the Caped Crusader or *Watchmen* 2! They won't find what they're looking for in the pages of *Fly In My Eye*, where only an ugly slab of feverish graphic nightmare is waiting to pounce, and hopefully outrage.

A motley crew of the sickest minds have been gathered together by Steve Niles, to create a volume of portfolio drawings, original fiction, graphic novel and underground styles. Top of the maggot heap are such

names as horror scribe Clive Barker, whose artistic brain is exposed through a set of his sketches, and Steve Bissette, who manages to put form to the unimaginable shape of Lovecraft's darkest god, Shub Niggurath, The Black Goat With A Thousand Young. Also notable is Jeff Gaither's portfolio, 'A Touch of Basil', which manages to mate Basil Wolverton to the long-gone weirdness of Rory Hayes. It is the single 'shock' image that gives *Fly* its sting; the comics are both boring and predictable. I would rather read a well-crafted tale of terror, such as a Thomas Harris or a Ramsey Campbell, than have my imagination bludgeoned by this sea of ink pretending to be blood. There is nothing to truly repulse or astonish in *Fly In My Eye's* comic cuts and in the end it cops out by playing safe. Dr Wertham would probably have let this *Fly* go without swatting it.

–Savage Pencil

Arcane Comix \$9.95 – £6.50 Import 224pp SB
★★★★★

CRITICAL LIST

ZOMBIE BOY

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Back in Beverly Hills after a Voodoo Island vacation, how will high society parents cope with having a living dead son? Meet Morgan, 'America's Favorite Undead Adolescent', in cool horror-humour sketches by Mark Stokes in the Sixties sitcom tradition of *The Addams Family* and *Bewitched*. Snatch his latest, *Zombie Boy's Hoodoo Tales*, where he meets *Casper's* vengeful cousin, 'Jasper the Hateful Doppelganger'. Frightfully funny! –Paul Gravett

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THE SUTTONS

Ark Comics

As soon as it gets into its stride, this collection of strips from the *Maidstone Star* becomes one of the few British newspaper strips in any way comparable to the best American work (Alan Moore mentions vintage *Gasoline Alley* in his introduction; I'd refer to my own personal favourite, *Barnaby*). Gently, whimsically, charmingly funny – and at the same time, in its description of a young family, very accurate. It's easier to be pessimistic than optimistic, easier to write about hate than love. Phil Elliott's work is optimistic and loving and fine; and damn his eyes, he makes it look so easy. –Neil Gaiman

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★★★★

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★★★★

VELOCITY 2

There's no excuse to ignore *Velocity*. The Pleece Bros' writing and artwork are top quality and it doesn't look amateurish or out of place in a comic shop stocked to the ceiling with glossy American imports. It has nothing to do with superheroes and avoids any self-indulgence. You get four strips, stylishly drawn, imaginative and rooted in real life, and two prose pieces, the writing sharp and witty. This is the UK small press come of age. –Johnny Rush

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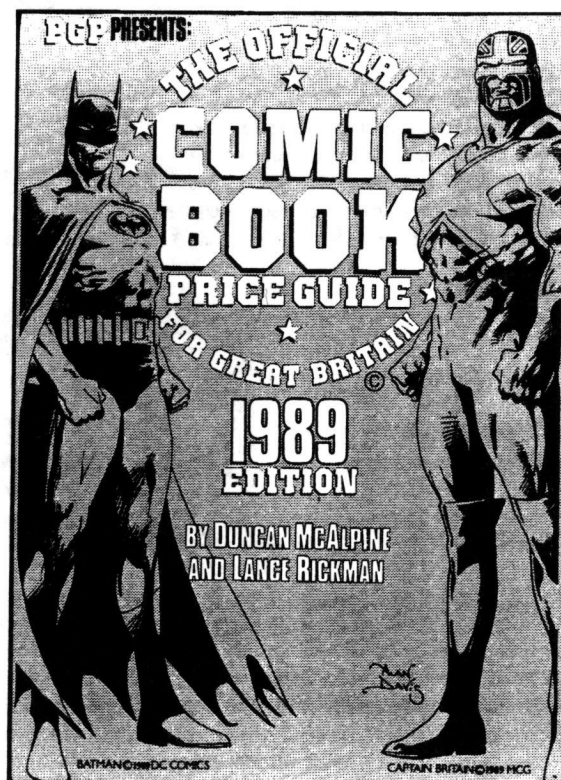
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TWO YEARS AGO, Bill Sienkiewicz was in London, and, being notoriously an *enfant terrible* regarding deadlines, owed Titan Books two covers for their *Judge Dredd* reprints. So he executed one in record time, in his hotel room, using a pillowcase, some card, safety pins and a few dabs of paint (*Blue Peter*, eat your heart out). This anecdote illustrate three aspects of Bill also revealed in *Stray Toasters*: his flamboyance, his technical wizardry and his provocativeness. Story-wise, the series has all the elements of a pulp comic – murder, detectives, a monster, science fiction, sex and humour. That it is not a pulp comic is obvious from the dazzling array of visual devices and the obscurity of the story's telling.

Bill does not make it easy for the reader. Even several critics have been baffled (but then that's probably part of the joke). The first book especially contains few fingerholds with which to pull yourself into an understanding of the plot. It takes a while to realise the colour coding system of the captions. And, though hardly anyone could fail to acknowledge Bill's mastery of a thousand styles, the pyrotechnics serve mostly to hinder understanding of the story rather than help it.

Other devices to alienate the reader include the extreme unpleasantness of all the characters – neurotic, middleclass women, lawyers, doctors, detectives, a prostitute and a spoilt housewife; monsters all, forcing the series' real monster, a vacationing devil, to conclude, 'The next time I decide to vacation up here, well, it's going to have to be pretty damn cold back home.'

A reader is forced to ask what the point of it all is. Bill Sienkiewicz is an artist who could make a fortune by working one tenth as hard in the worlds of fine art or illustration, yet he has chosen comics as his medium. From being a *New Mutants* artist with a scratchy Marvel superhero style, who attracted a huge following of fans, he has chosen to develop his skills to baffle and, I can believe, disgust many of them through this first self-written work.

It's as if he is saying, 'Ok, I'm fabulously talented, I have an impish sense of fun, you love me. Now let's see if you can still love me when I'm *this* naughty.' Psychologically, it's the classic pose of the spoilt 'adapted' child, provoking rejection so he can feel rejected and then demand being a worthy object of sympathy. This rather ham psychology is an obvious reading of the series, especially when I realise that the plot is a variant on the Oedipus theme. Boy (Todd), rejected by parents (Egon and Dahlia), sleeps (almost) with mother (Abby) and is (partly) responsible for father's (Egon's) (near) death. Todd is really the least obnoxious character in the story, if only because he is the only one who doesn't swear blue murder. In fact, Todd has no character at all except of victim. He is manipulated by everyone: Dahlia, Dr Violet, the robot butler. Even his apparent manipulation of Abby, the surrogate mother, is excused by the fact that he was manipulated by Violet, who connected him to the machines, the toaster, the robot butler....

ENFANT TERRIBLE

STRAY TOASTERS

Bill Sienkiewicz



ASHES TO ASHES, CRUST TO CRUST ...

In this reading, the likelihood is that Bill identifies most with Todd, the innocent victim, but one who, through his talent and his sense of fun, has forced thousands to love and respect him. He would hate his family – indeed, the book is parenthesized with the narrator (Bill) speaking directly, 'The family circle is a triangle. And a triangle has sharp edges.' – most probably since he never experienced unconditional love on his own. Instead, he now has a new family, the extended family of comics readers and the comics community. Perhaps this is why he is with us and not with the cold, anonymous and cut-throat fine art or illustration industries.

Stray Toasters is a highly accomplished and consistent work, and now that he has worked all this out of his system and shown us his warts, I hope he will continue to produce many more awesome pieces. On the other hand, after the wonderful *Brought To Light* and the eagerly-awaited *Mandelbrot Set*, maybe Bill will give us a sequel to *Stray Toasters: The Oculist's Delight*, in which, in a spasm of anguish, Todd-Bill puts out his own eyes, thus completing the Oedipal parallel. Ugh! Now where did *that* idea come from? Must be something I read!

–Dave Thorpe

Epic Comics Four-Part Series \$3.50–£2.15 Import 48pp SB. ★★★★★

LOVE SHOTS

AND BARNEY AND THE BLUE NOTE

Jacques de Loustal & Philippe Paringaux

RON CARTER SUMMED IT UP BEST, talking about Bertrand Tavernier's jazz film *Round Midnight*: 'It's crazy that some French *sonuvabitch* has made the first film about our culture!'. Now two Parisians, writer Paringaux and illustrator Loustal, have beaten the Yanks again and produced the first graphic albums about that mythic jazz era of the Fifties. Somehow, their long distance love affair with American artforms – jazz, comics, film noir movies and novels – has given these Frenchmen both a deep passion for the Ame-

rican dream and a detachment and clarity of insight into its darker sides.

Trained as an architect and influenced more by photography and painting than comics, Loustal turns his pages into a cinema screen, every shot vibrating in rich moody watercolours, like a Hockney swimming pool or a Wenders desertcape. Separated beneath these images, Paringaux's finely chiselled 'voice overs' don't simply describe or explain; his introspective narration creates spaces and resonances that echo off the illustrations. While the purity of text and picture recalls the earliest origins of comics (and classics like *Prince Valiant* or *Rupert*), it also points to the future, developing the medium's special tensions between word and image.

In six vignettes, *Love Shots* follows the desperate lives and dreams of a cast of misfits and outsiders – the sordid past cuts through a sax-playing doctor's bourbon haze; a stud's genuine love for his lady's man is misunderstood and rejected; a murder spree by teenage killers climaxes in a desert diner. In *Barney and the Blue Note*, a jazz critic charts the rollercoaster career of a saxophonist (inspired loosely by French Fifties genius Barney Willen) from Paris clubs to California drugs. There's a languorous inevitability to these tales, tinged with futility and menace – a bitter-sweet beauty.

–Paul Gravett

Love Shots: Catalan \$11.95–£7.50 Import 64pp SB ★★★★★

Barney and the Blue Note: Rijperman \$14.95–£9.95 Import 88pp SB ★★★★★

CRITICAL LIST

EAST TEXAS Tales from behind the Pine Curtain

Real Comet Press

East Texas, populated by 'slow-moving people with jowly faces, sunburned necks and sweaty shirts', is not the kind of place a stranger ought to stumble into unprepared. Ex-patriot East Texan Michael Dougan has been chronicling the Lone Star state's forgotten regions from the safety of Seattle for the last four years, passing on received wisdom, childhood survival tips and bizarre folk legends. As befits a 'Southern writer', some of these stories are pretty grim, but they're also acutely observed, brilliantly funny and the drawings have a great rubberised quality to them. Hot dang!

–Marc Baines

\$7.95 plus post from: Real Comet Press, 3131 Western Avenue 410, Seattle, WA 98121-1028, USA

★★★★★

TEXAS CRUDE

E.P. Dutton

The use of localised words and phrases makes language particular and at the same time discriminatory, a picturesque elaboration often embracing a range of insults and compliments. Ken Weaver's anthology, illustrated by R. Crumb, is a collection of common Texan expressions and their explanations. In the land of the American oil baron, 'You don't buy beer; you rent it' refers to the short period of time beer stays in you. 'Throw some glass in that pneumonia hole' directs you to shut the window.

The book, singularly lacking in wit, was getting on my West Ham reserves by the end. –Les Coleman

\$5.95 plus post from: Last Gasp, 2180 Bryant Street, San Francisco, CA 94110, USA

★★★

NAUSICAÄ OF THE VALLEY OF WIND

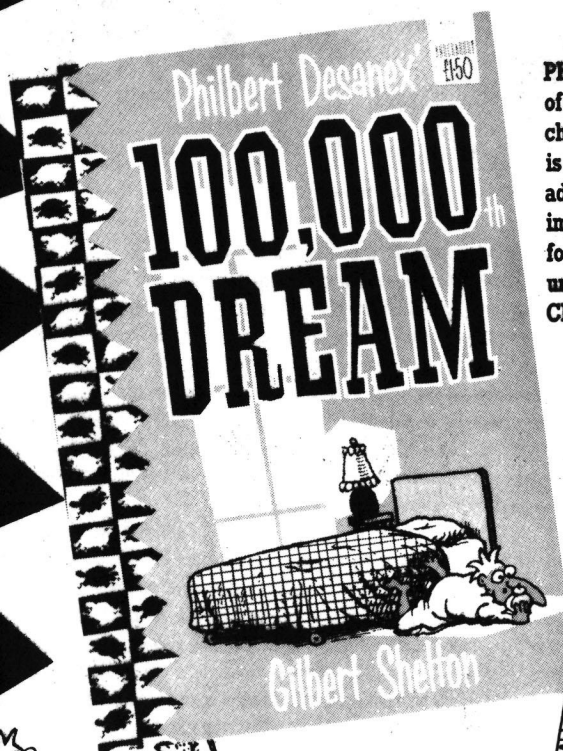
Viz Comics

Japanese manga are 'hot' right now in US comic books, largely thanks to their cinematic action and violence. But if, like me, you're weary of speeding cyberpunk bikers or slashing samurai blades, *Nausicaä* is refreshingly big-hearted and human. This ecological allegory unfolds on a polluted dying world, where a sensitive princess holds the key to its rebirth. Hayao Miyazaki's thoroughly imagined fantasy shares the spirit of Moebius. It also recalls their common influence, Winsor McCay's *Little Nemo*, with nature as mystery and magic, with a child as hero and hope. Don't be fooled by the artwork's lack of flash; it's more than made up for by its detail and delicacy. After a diet of macho junk food, *Nausicaä* is like fresh fruit and spring water. –Paul Gravett

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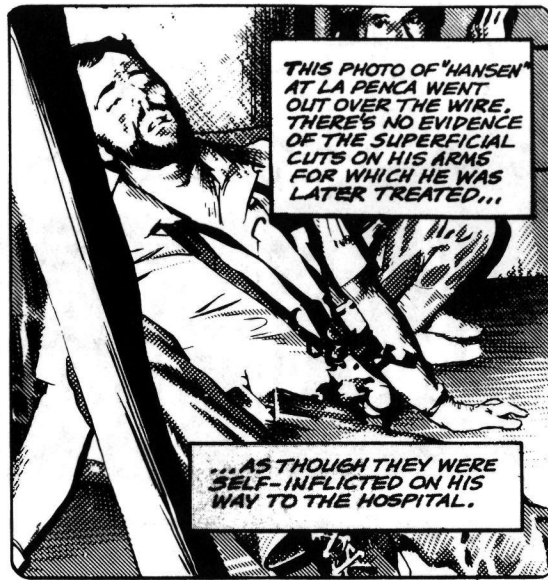


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BROUGHT TO LIGHT

Joyce Brabner & Tom Yeates & Alan Moore & Bill Sienkiewicz



AFTERMATH OF THE LA PENCA BOMBING

tution'. Yet brutal intervention in Latin America and beyond has been a feature of US foreign policy since before the declaration of the Monroe Doctrine in the nineteenth century. Sandinos were fighting US marines in the 1920s, well before the Secret Team was formed. North, Hull and their cronies seem to me more products of the system than hijackers of it.

The most compelling image from 'Shadowplay' remains the newsboy holding up blank newspapers, and as part of the effort of a few independent investigators, film-makers, writers, to lift the suffocating blanket of media silence about these revelations, the importance of *Brought To Light* is clear. However, caution is required with conspiracy theories. As Noam Chomsky puts it in *The Culture of Terrorism*, 'The partial exposure of Washington's terror network in late 1986 necessitated a project of damage control to ensure that nothing significant be perceived or learned... This project relies on the pretence that the foreign policy of the Reagan administration is foolish, incompetent, out of control.'

—Spencer Woodcock

US: Eclipse. UK: Titan. \$8 95—£4 95 80pp SB ★★★★★

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★★★

A NICE WEE PRESENT FROM SCOTLAND Arc Publications

This is the fourth in a series of mini-books written and illustrated by Ivor Cutler, continuing his mixture of visionary poetics and delightfully idiosyncratic humour. Although the writing is deceptively simple, it remains elusive, setting an atmosphere of enigmatic possibilities which bear a tangential relationship to life. Strong in imagery, Cutler's stories conjure up a wealth of meaning, but we're never quite sure what they mean. 'OK, you snooze this time and I'll listen to the news.' —Les Coleman

£2.50 plus post from: Nanholme Mill, Shaw Wood Road, Todmorden, Lancs OL14 6DA or try Compendium, Camden Town.

★★★★★

STATIC Robin Snyder

No dispute over Steve Ditko being a comics master; his mystery stories of thirty years ago are probably the greatest of the genre. This privately published book though is Eighties Ditko, grinding his own axe in a series of right-wing diatribes that began with the bizarre *Mr A* of the Seventies. The artwork is as taut and dynamic as ever but the characters are merely cyphers, mouthing Ditko's convoluted philosophy. File under 'comic curiosities'. —John Bagnall

\$15.00 plus post from: Robin Snyder, 255 N. Forest 405, Bellingham, WA 98225-5833, USA

★★★

CHEMICAL IMBALANCE

Another face of the demonic Robert Williams exposed by Jim Woodring's strategic questions — massive improvement on the plodding *Forced Exposure* piece. Pic-wise, a mind-warping Rory Hayes folio, demented scrawls by Daniel Johnston and childlike genius Jad Fair. Plus incoherent babblings about dull US bands from oatmeal-brained, pen-pushing drug addicts. —Ed Pinsent

\$4.00 plus post from: Mike McGonigal, Box 1656, Cooper Station, NY, NY 10276

★★★★

THE LONG WAIT to publication of this 'Graphic Docu-drama', exposing the CIA conspiracy currently the subject of a Christic Institute lawsuit, has just preceded a serious blow to that case in the US courts. Last Friday, February 3rd, Judge King, describing the case as 'an abuse of the legal system', awarded \$955,000 in attorney's fees to the defendant and \$79,000 court costs against the Christic Institute, who are appealing this decision. Meanwhile, their appeal against Judge King's June decision to throw out their original case is still pending, so this is not quite the end of the line. However, jubilant comments by defendant John K Singlaub suggest that a legal action against the Christic Institute is likely. The only good news for the Institute is that central conspirator and CIA man, John Hull, has been charged with drug and espionage offences in Costa Rica.

Brought to Light is the story of two investigations meeting in the middle, but taking two very different approaches. Interpreting the thirty year history of the Secret Team metaphorically, Alan Moore and Bill Sienkiewicz have sized up the dangers inherent in 'faction' and, rejecting realism, have ended up all the more convincing. In Art Spiegelman's *Maus*, the animal masks give the characters a paradoxical authenticity. Here, the CIA hack spilling out his dreadful litany of crimes is represented as a dissolute eagle, a perfect device for depicting an essentially faceless creature. Sienkiewicz has found a subject worthy of the savage inventiveness of his art and Alan Moore's writing is as sharp as broken glass. Some of the imagery is as brilliant as it is brutal; 20,000 deaths are represented as a swimming pool full of blood, a handy device for counting the victims of these little CIA games: Central America, eight swimming pools; Laos, eleven swimming pools; ... The story is necessarily complex and the creators' best efforts cannot prevent this tangled covert web from becoming confusing at times, but it is still an artistic tour de force.

In contrast, Joyce Brabner and Tom Yeates have gone for a straightforward *Corporate Crime*-style realism, 'Flashpoint La Penca'. Whilst this is undeniably effective — the aftermath of the La Penca bombing and Linda Frazier's death will stay with me for a long time — the very quality of the artwork and scripting seem to highlight potential pitfalls in 'docudrama', begging the question, 'Just how accurate is all this?' I don't doubt the essentials, but it seems odd that the Contra leader Eden Pastora is presented as a paragon of virtue; he was just a macho egomaniac who claimed that the other Contra leaders wanted him dead, 'because they're all queer and I can make love to their women', and who liked to compare himself to Jesus Christ.

I also must confess to some unease about the Christic Institute's enthusiasm for tying every recent CIA crime into one neat conspiracy. For one thing, this suggests that the problem is that bad men have taken over a fundamentally sound system, have 'betrayed the Consti-

THE BEST OF ERNIE BUSHMILLER'S NANCY

Brian Walker

MY INTRODUCTION TO NANCY was the *Topper* comic. It was the one strip there that I had no trouble understanding, even as a six-year-old, and I remember finding it curiously satisfying for something so simple.

Twenty-two years later, I am overjoyed to see this book appear. It's the finest collection of *Nancy* strips I've ever seen, each hand-picked and sorted into useful categories. Layouts are simple and uncluttered, like the strip itself, making for utterly addictive reading. It's been said of *Nancy*, 'By the time you've decided not to read it, you've read it.' Bushmiller came close to achieving an apex of directness, almost instantaneous communication.

The appeal of *Nancy* is impossible for me to analyse. The more you think about what you're responding to, the further it recedes. Mr. Walker's useful essays help to find a way into the charm and wonder of *Nancy*. His notes reveal a deep affection for the strip; he gives biographical data and pointers on style (did you know Bushmiller used drafting tools to get those crisp, neat lines?). But he is emphatic that we see it for what it is — pure entertainment. Those seeking more rigorous analysis should read the splendid essay by New York avant-gardists Newgarden and Karasik. With Newgarden's accompanying strip, it reveals their preoccupation with the formal elements of *Nancy*, as they strip it down to its basic components, showing how essential is the placement of each element. Also, we have Bill Griffith's loving tribute where Bushmiller is rendered as a sort of

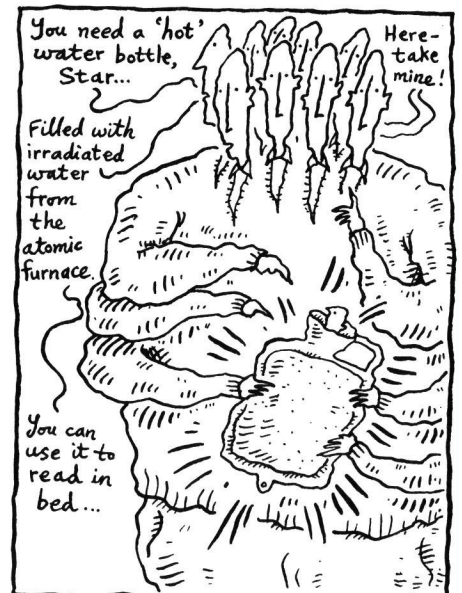
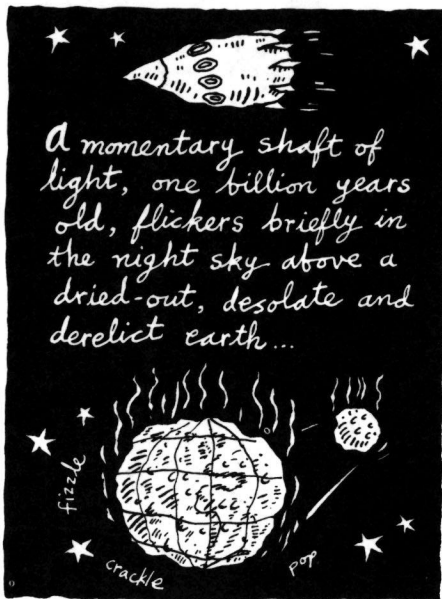
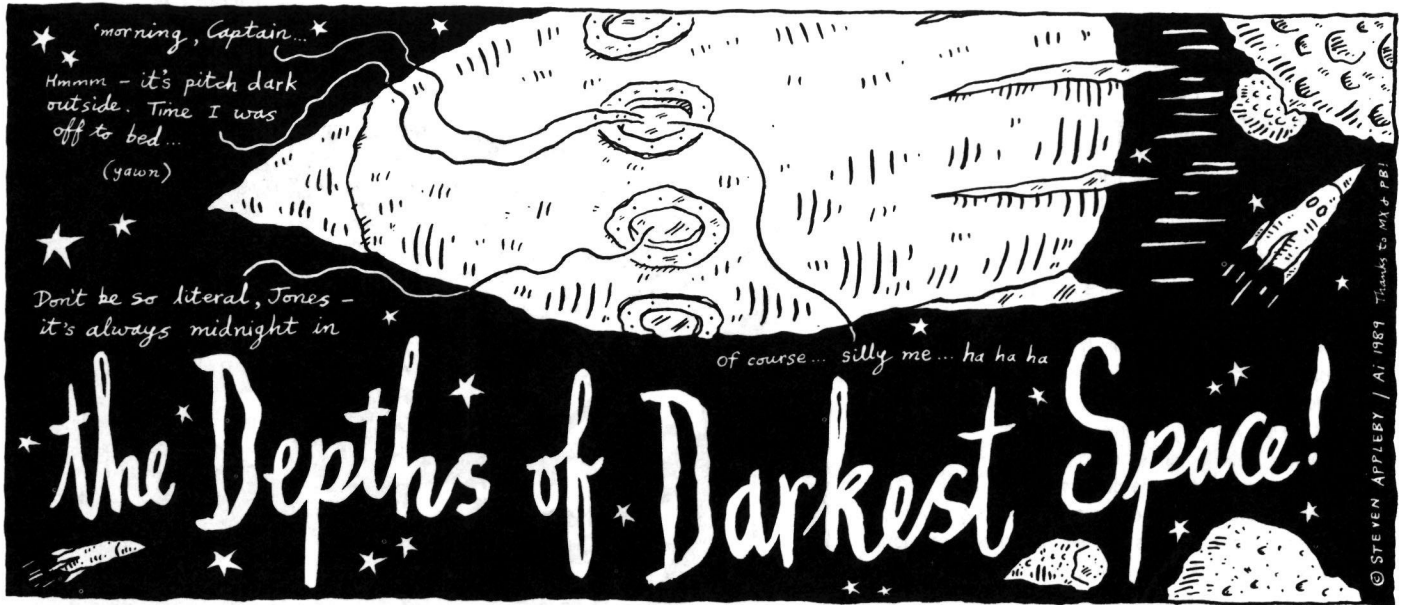
Perfect Zen Master of cartoon reality. Where Newgarden & Karasik point out how much goes on beneath the surface, Griffith finds a species of metaphysical truth in *Nancy*'s very simplicity.

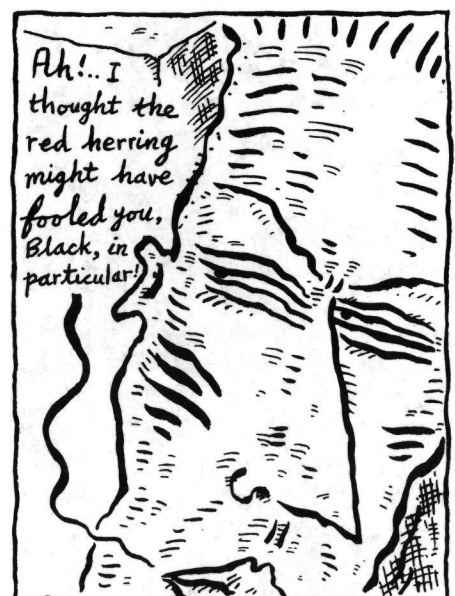
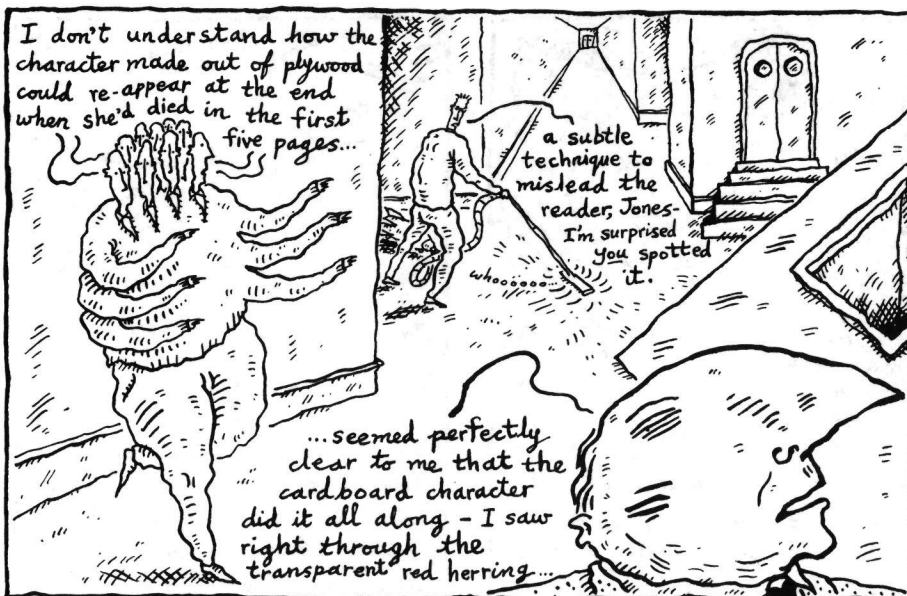
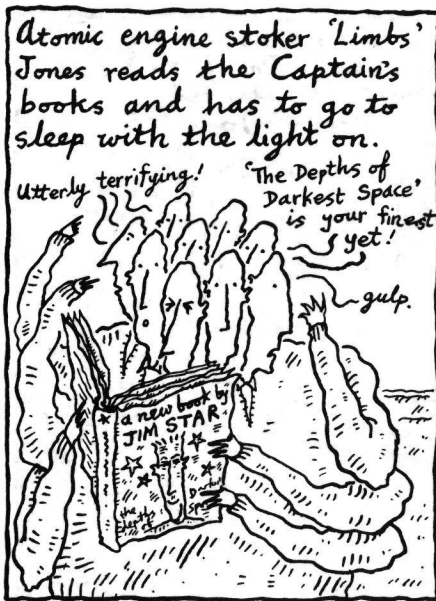
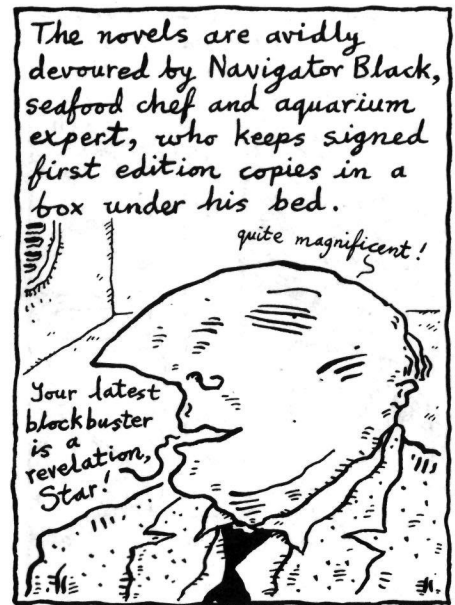
This book gives new dimensions to reading *Nancy*. I hope British readers will find a place for it in their hearts. At a time when comics are becoming ludicrously complicated, and picking up excessive amounts of cultural baggage, we need to be reminded of the joy of simplicity — a comic strip in one of its most basic forms. A wonderful item.

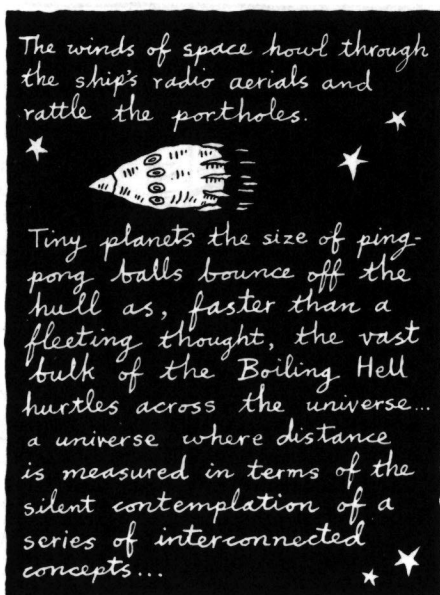
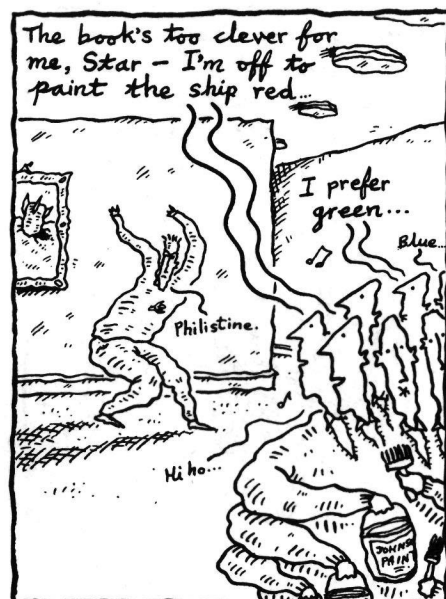
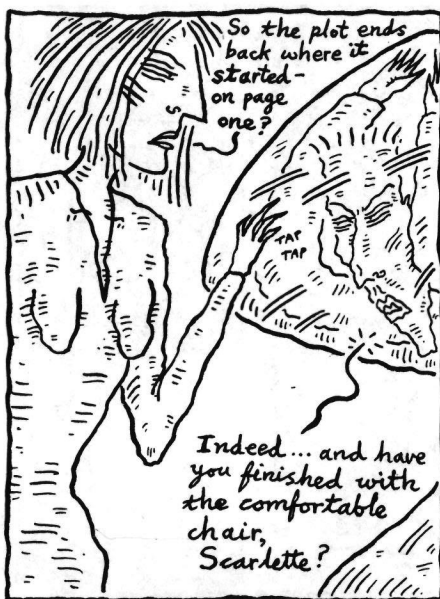
—Ed Pinsent

Comicana Books—Henry Holt \$10.95—£7.95 Import 238pp SB

★★★★★







1 Is there life on Mars, Jones?

I've no idea, Star,
but these fish
pasties of Navigator
Black's are delicious!

Fresh
this
morning!

2 Is it possible that we
are the only life in
the universe?

Certainly not, Star!
The Boiling Hell's fish
farm is stocked with
fish, for a start!

The
Ship's
cat
used to
be alive...

3 Where did we come
from?

Ask Navigator Black!

er... that's a
difficult one,
Star...

4 Where are we now?

Black? come on!!

umm... er...

5 How did we get here?

ah- that's your
department, Star!

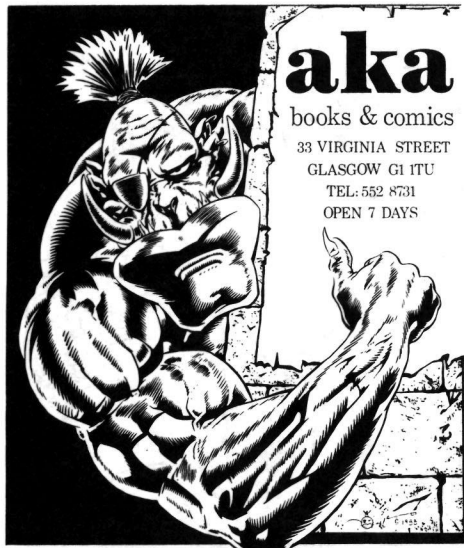
Inside this
huge metal tube
with the
pointy end?

6 You've got a lot to
learn, Jones -

I'll leave you
in here to play
'doctor and
nurse' with
Officer Scarlett...

This won't hurt
a bit, Jones!

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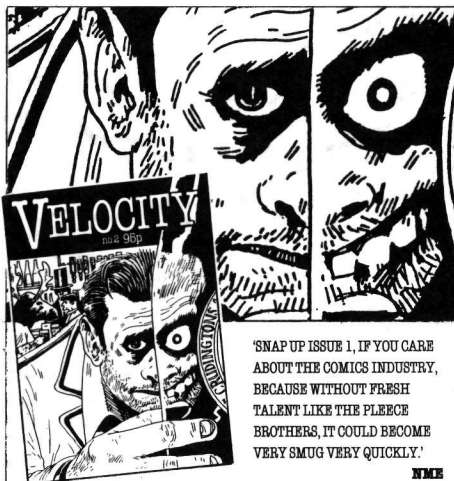
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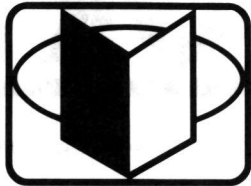
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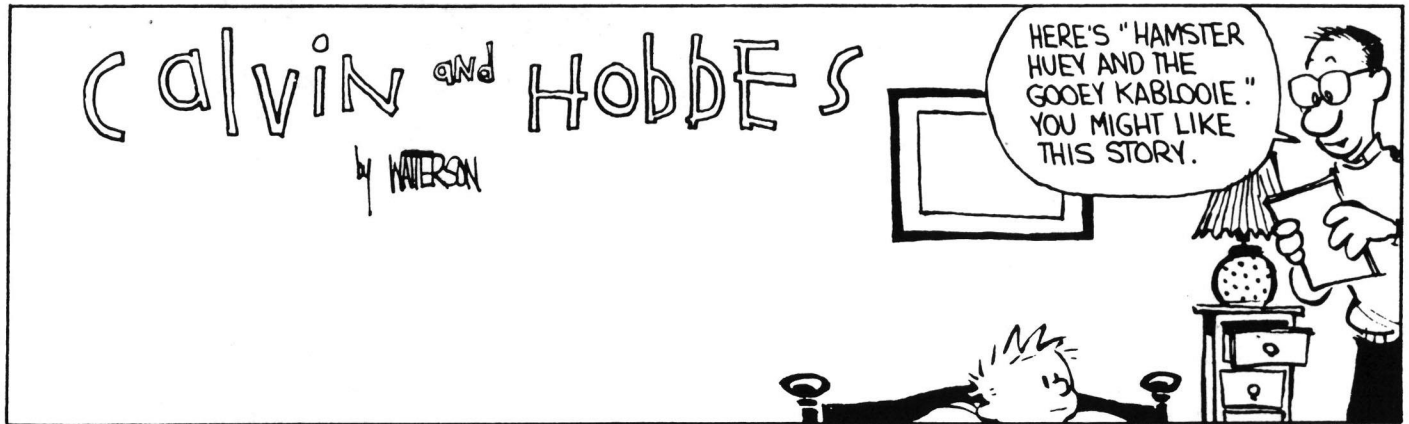
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| | Jaime's barrio punkettes and Gilbert's Palomar magic, Fantagraphics & Titan | | | Mr Mamoulain in Escape & Actress & The Bishop in A1 | |
| ▲ 2-5 | CALVIN AND HOBBS | 3 | ● 17-17 | LUTHER ARKWRIGHT | 4 |
| | A boy and his tiger by Bill Watterson | | | Bryan Talbot, Valkyrie Press | |
| ▼ 3-2 | V FOR VENDETTA | 2 | ▲ 18-19 | WINSOR MCCAY | 5 |
| | Alan Moore & David Lloyd, DC | | | Little Nemo in Slumberland | |
| ▲ 4- | BILL SIENKIEWICZ | 6 | ▼ 19-4 | MUNOZ & SAMPAYO | 7 |
| | Elektra & Stray Toasters, Epic | | | Joe's Bar and Alack Sinner | |
| ▲ 5-22 | MARSHAL LAW | 4 | ▲ 20- | NEXUS | — |
| | Pat Mills & Kevin O'Neill, Epic | | | Mike Baron & Steve Rude, First | |
| ▲ 6-16 | CEREBUS | 2 | ▲ 21- | BATMAN | 4 |
| | Dave Sim, Aardvark | | | Happy 50th Bat-Birthday! | |
| ▲ 7-28 | NEIL GAIMAN & DAVE MCKEAN | 3 | ▲ 22-26 | CHESTER BROWN | 3 |
| | Violent Cases, Escape & Black Orchid, DC | | | Yummy Fur, Vortex | |
| ▼ 8-3 | KRAZY KAT | 9 | ▲ 23- | BLOOM COUNTY | — |
| | Herriman's gems reprinted by Eclipse | | | Berke Breathed in The Guardian | |
| ▼ 9-6 | EDDIE CAMPBELL | 7 | ▲ 24- | TEX AVERY | 1 |
| | Bacchus in Trident and A1 | | | King of Cartoonery! | |
| ▲ 10- | THIRD WORLD WAR | — | ▼ 25-8 | VIZ | 7 |
| | Mills & Baile, Crisis | | | Johnny One-Joke | |
| ▲ 11- | JAMIE HEWLETT | — | ▲ 26- | ALEX | — |
| | Tank Girl in Deadline & Swift's Return in 2000AD | | | Peattie & Taylor in The Independent | |
| ▲ 12-24 | CONCRETE | 3 | ▲ 27- | STEVE DITKO | — |
| | Paul Chadwick, Dark Horse | | | Fifties mysteries, Sixties Spider-Man & Dr Strange — and still going strong! | |
| ▲ 13-18 | HELLBLAZER | 3 | ▲ 28- | HUNT EMERSON | 7 |
| | Delano & Piers Rayner, DC | | | Hard To Swallow & more, Knockabout | |
| ▲ 14-29 | THE PRISONER | 1 | ▲ 29- | HOWARD CHAYKIN | 3 |
| | Dean Motter, DC | | | Black Kiss, Vortex XXX | |
| ▼ 15-14 | MOEBIUS | 6 | ▲ 30- | PHILIP BOND | — |
| | Jodorowsky's Incal and Lee's Silver Surfer, Epic & Titan | | | Wired World, Deadline | |

The first number tells the position of the entry this issue; the second its position last issue; the third is the number of previous issues in which the entry has appeared. The Fickle Finger of Fate identifies entries new to the Hip Parade.



ENTER THE OUTBACK BADHEAD — TANK GIRL IN AT ELEVEN

Por l'amor de Miguel! **LOS BROS HERNANDEZ** are still Number One after nine issues (there are other books around too, you know, Bros-ettes!). Highest new entry at Number Ten is the series **THIRD WORLD WAR** in *Crisis*, chased up by **JAMIE HEWLETT** from *Deadline* and *2000AD*. Other new entries include the slick sci-fi of **NEXUS** in at Number Twenty, and two hit newspaper strips, **BLOOM COUNTY** and **ALEX**. Biggest drop is the phenomenon of the Eighties **VIZ**, which plunges seventeen places down to Number Twenty-five, while **NEIL GAIMAN & DAVE MCKEAN** are the biggest risers, shooting up twenty-one places to Number Seven. Will they be the ones to oust the Hernandez from the top? Vote and see next issue! It's up to you!

BEST IN ISSUE

Here are the top five favourite strips from last issue. Voted for by ESCAPE readers. Be sure and tell us which strips in this issue you like the most.

- 1 Calvin & Hobbes
- 2 Bum!
- 3 Mr Mamoulain
- 4 Captain Star
- 5 The Goat

Bill Watterson
Warren & Gary Pleece
Brian Bolland
Brian Appleby
Bros Hernandez

COMPETITION RESULTS

We've had a phenomenal response to last issue's **CALVIN AND HOBBS** Competition. It seems just about everyone wants an exclusive cuddly Hobbes toy, but check here for your name among the five lucky winners, who also receive a copy of Sphere Books' first collection of the strip. Winners: Miss C. Hillman, Sutton Coldfield; Mike Noon, Manchester; Harish Pathy, Leicester; Rob Roker, Ickenham; and Dan Smith, London.



HIP PARADE COMPETITION!

FIRST PRIZE: DREAM DEMON VIDEO, LATEST CALVIN & HOBBS, PLUS THE FALL'S I AM KURIOS ORANJ LP!

Yes, you too can WIN! WIN! WIN! All you have to do is send in your Hip Parade of up to TEN fave rave comics, characters, cartoons or cartoonists (if you can't think of ten, list five, or even TWO) and you could be one of next issue's five winners of the special effects shocker *Dream Demon* on Palace Video, plus Sphere Books' second Calvin & Hobbes book *Something Under The Bed Is Drooling*, plus to the First Prize Winner a copy of The Fall's LP *I Am Kurios Oranj* on Beggars Banquet. Send in your Hip Parade on the handy Ballot Box in this issue, or on a postcard to: Escape Magazine, Hip Parade, 156 Munster Road, London SW6 5RA.

Next Issue: Escape To Paris:

A Revolutionary Issue with Howard Chaykin, Mark Beyer, Bill Sienkiewicz, Brian Bolland, Götting, Floch — and François Mitterand? Zut alors!

NIGHTLIFE

MUSIC ROCK FOLK

Art

8

days a

JAZZ

Week

Time Out

LONDON'S
WEEKLY

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THEATRE

£1

Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

David Hockney, 1980.





ORIGINALS



AD TEODORO